

THE LIVING AGE.

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FAITH AND REASON.

Reason unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells ;
Faith pours a hallelujah song,
And heavenly rapture swells ;
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud ;
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each heavier obscuring cloud.
Reason, the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast ;
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The future and the past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore,
Who rose not from their night-bound place,
On Egypt's veiled shore ;
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
Which led her all the day,
And when the wished-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchemy in vain
Is golden treasure planned ;
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,
Won by no mortal hand.
While Reason is the laboring oar
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail spread out
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light ;
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lovely towering elm,
May fall before the blast ;
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,
Faith, by a "new and living way,"
Hath gained the mercy-seat.
While Reason but returns to tell
That this is not our rest,
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought
A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet BOTH are surely precious gifts
From Him who leads us home,
Though in the wilds himself hath trod,
A little while we roam,
And linked within the soul that knows
A living, loving Lord ;
Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
O'er life's great temple springing,
From which the chimes of love float forth
Celestially ringing ;

While Reason stands below upon
The consecrated ground,
And like a mighty buttress, clasps
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array ;
Reason, the handmaid, who may share,
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train ;
Till step by step the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain.

—Good Words.

NIL ADMIRARI ;
OR, DON'T BE ASTONISHED.
BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

WHEN Horace in Vendusian groves
Was scribbling wit or sipping "Massic,"
Or singing those delicious loves
Which after-ages reckon classic,
He wrote one day—"twas no vagary—
These famous words : *Nil Admirari* :

II.

"Wonder at nothing !" said the bard ;
A kingdom's fall, a nation's rising,
A lucky or a losing card,
Are really not at all surprising,
However men or manners vary,
Keep cool and calm ; *Nil Admirari* !

III.

If kindness meet a cold return ;
If friendship prove a dear delusion ;
If love neglected, cease to burn ;
Or die untimely of profusion,
Such lessons well may make us wary,
But needn't shock ; *Nil Admirari* !

IV.

Does disappointment follow gain ?
Or wealth elude the keen pursuer ?
Does pleasure end in poignant pain ?
Does fame disgust the lucky wooer,
Or haply prove perversely chary ?
'Twas even thus : *Nil Admirari*.

V.

Does January wed with May,
Or ugliness consort with beauty ?
Does Piety forget to pray ?
And heedless of connubial duty,
Leave faithful Ann for wanton Mary ?
'Tis the old tale ; *Nil admirari* !

VI.

Ah ! when the happy day we reach
When promisers are ne'er deceivers ;
When parsons practise what they preach,
And seeming saints are all believers,—
Then the old maxim you may vary,
And say no more, *Nil admirari* !
—N. Y. Ledger.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA IN MEXICO.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD is a monarch of rare genius as well as of great power; and it is a pleasure to review the policy of such a man in a sphere which is free from the influences of international rivalry. The French in Mexico is a different question from the French on the Rhine. As Englishmen, we cannot regard without a feeling of mistrust and dislike the policy of Napoleon in Europe; but happily we can do so when the scene of his far-reaching projects is the old empire of Montezuma. We do not demand of any monarch that he shall consult the good of the world irrespective of the interests of his own country; but unquestionably the greatest monarch, the one who will longest live in the memory of men, is he who shall achieve the greatest triumphs for mankind at large. In exile and in prison, Louis Napoleon had ample time to meditate on the high mission to which, by a strong and strange presentiment, he felt himself called. He reviewed, as a political philosopher, the requirements of the age; and thus when he came to the throne, he brought with him many high designs already formed, which he was resolved to accomplish so far as the opportunities of his career should permit. One of the earliest-formed of his great schemes was the construction of a ship canal which should cross the Isthmus of Darien, and form a highway of commerce between the oceans of the Atlantic and Pacific. Such a work is less needed now that the age of railways has succeeded to the age of canals; nevertheless, it will probably be accomplished in the future. As emperor, Louis Napoleon has taken no measures to carry out this project,—his other schemes having hitherto absorbed his attention and fully taxed his powers. But he has energetically supported the sister project of the Suez Canal, designed to connect the eastern and western seas; and however doubtful may be the success of the scheme at present, we doubt not it will be realized in the end. The project of tunnelling the Alps likewise owes its initiative to Napoleon III., and will connect his name with a greater work than the road of the Simplon, which was one of the glories of his uncle's reign. With a boldness which pays little regard to what ordinary men call impossibilities, he has also proposed to unite England and France by

carrying a submarine railway under the British Channel,—a project which we have no desire to see accomplished until a new epoch has dawned upon Europe, and the relations between the two countries have been established upon a more reliable basis of friendship. Lastly, among those projects of material as well as of political interest, we come to the intervention in Mexico, undertaken professedly, though not primarily, with a view to regenerate that fine country, to rescue it from impending ruin, to restore it to a place among the nations, and launch it upon a new and independent career.

Of all the projects of Napoleon III., this is the one which is most to be applauded for the good which it will accomplish for the world at large. Nevertheless,—and this is a compliment to his sagacity rather than a detraction from the merits of the project,—the motive which inspired it was connected with the interests of France, and still more with those of his own dynasty. The emperor was desirous to find some enterprise which should employ his army, and engage the attention of his restless and glory-loving subjects, until the affairs of Europe should open to him a favorable opportunity for completing his grand scheme of "rectifying" the frontiers of France. And in this he has succeeded. Even though the enterprise has not been popular in France, it at least served to attract the thoughts of the French to a foreign topic,—it has furnished a subject of conversation and debate,—and it has, moreover, shut the mouths of the war-party in France, and established a solid excuse for the emperor not engaging in a European conflict until he had got this transatlantic affair off his hands. These were considerations of present value which Napoleon was not likely to under-estimate, though he could not frankly avow them. Nevertheless, they would have been void of force if the expedition could not have been justified upon intrinsic grounds. And it is to the peculiar character of those grounds, as illustrative of the scope of the emperor's views, that we desire briefly to draw attention, before considering what are likely to be the actual results of the enterprise.

The grandeur of a nation depends upon the influence of the ideas and interests which it represents not less than upon the material force which it can exert. England, for example, is

peculiarly the representative of Constitutional Government and of the interests of commerce. In Russia we behold the head and representative power of the Greek Church. France, also, we need hardly say, is a representative power. Her monarchs for centuries have borne the title of the "eldest son of the Church;" they have been the protectors of, and at all events they peculiarly represent, the Church of Rome. But the Church of Rome has been losing ground, alike in the Old World and in the New. The great kingdom of Poland has dropped out of the map of Europe, and nearly all its parts have gone to increase the territories of Protestant Prussia and of Russia, the champion of the Greek Church. The loss has not been compensated by an adequate increase of power in the States which adhere to the Latin Church. Spain, once the greatest power in Europe, has for long been torpid, and though now showing symptoms of revival, will never regain anything like its former position in the world. In America the collapse of the Romish Church has been still more conspicuous. On the other hand, the Protestant and Greek powers are prospering and extending themselves. The greatest change which is impending in Europe—the downfall of the Ottoman rule—will bring a vast extension of power to the Greek Church; and slowly but steadily the same Church, following the battalions of Russia, is spreading over Central, and will soon spread likewise over Southwestern, Asia. It will extend from the Baltic to the Pacific, from St. Petersburg to Petropaulovski. Protestantism has still greater triumphs to show. Accompanying the colonies of England, it has become the dominant faith in North America,—among the thirty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race who may be said to hold the fortunes of the New World in their hands. In India, in the Australian world, at the Cape, and wherever England has planted her energetic colonies, it is the Protestant Church which reigns supreme. By its intervention in Mexico, Napoleon III. endeavors to arrest the decay of the Romish Church in America, and to check the continuous spread of the Protestant Anglo-Saxons. The "Empire of the Indies," reared by Spain, and so long a bright gem in the tiara of the popes, has gone to wreck. Brazil, with its enormous territory but mere handful of people, is the only non-Protestant State in Amer-

ica which is not a prey to anarchy and desolation; and a few years ago, the gradual extension of Anglo-Saxon power over the whole of the New World appeared to be merely a question of time. Seizing a favorable opportunity, the "eldest son of the Church" now intervenes to repair the fallen fortunes of the Papacy in Central America, and in so doing to erect a barrier against the tide of Protestantism, and to reflect new lustre upon the Church of which he is the champion, and with whose greatness that of France is indissolubly connected.

These considerations affect the moral rather than the political greatness of France; but there are others of a different character which moved Napoleon III. to attempt the regeneration of Mexico. The latter, however, relate to the same object considered from a different point of view. Europe is remodelling herself on the principle of nationality. Twenty years hence, the Slavonian race will have experienced a great augmentation of power,—partly from increase of population, which is proceeding rapidly in Russia, and partly from a more perfect political organization and community of action established among the now scattered portions of that family of nations. The Teutonic race is destined to experience a lesser but somewhat similar increase of power. Compelled by disasters which, even in this hour of triumph, may be seen to await them, the Germans will consolidate their strength by unification, and will thereby acquire much greater power than they now possess, even though they lose a considerable portion of their non-German territory. In the face of these contingencies, Napoleon III. meditates, has long been meditating, how France is to obtain a commensurate addition to her strength. Centralization and organization are already complete in France; no new strength is to be looked for from these sources. Her population, too,—unlike that of Germany and of Russia,—is stationary, and even threatens to decline if some new impulse be not communicated to it. How, then, is she to keep her place in the future? Partly, replies Napoleon, in his secret thoughts, by incorporating the Rhine provinces and Belgium,—thereby acquiring at once an increase of population, and a strong and advantageous frontier. Partly, also, he hopes, by establishing a league, a community of sentiment

and action, between the so-called Latin races of France, Italy, and Spain,—in which league France will naturally hold the first place. By his intervention in Italy, he has endeavored, and not unsuccessfully, to attract Italy to him as a dependent ally. By his intervention in Mexico, he plays a part which will tend to attract Spain likewise; and he trusts to complete an alliance with that country by, ere-long, supporting the claims of the Spaniards to the possession of Gibraltar; and also, if an opportunity offers, of effecting a "unification" of the Peninsula by obliterating Portugal (the ally of England) as an independent State. Meanwhile, by regenerating Mexico, he adds to his own renown,—shows himself a fitting leader for the future league of the Latin races; and, at the same time, he opens a new field for the commerce and enterprise of France, which may help to save the nation from its social demoralization and concomitant discontent, and impart to it a new and healthy impulse towards increase of population, without which it will be impossible for France to retain her high position among the powers of Europe.

Mexico is a country well fitted to engage the attention of a great monarch, to justify his efforts on its behalf, and to more than repay them by the results which will attend its regeneration. The climate of its central and most inhabited region is perfectly suited to the constitution of Europeans, and especially of the so-called Latin races. The country abounds in mines of the precious metals; and so great are the treasures hidden in its mountains that the mineral wealth of the country is still, comparatively speaking, undeveloped. The soil, too, is remarkably fertile; and owing to its peculiar geographical formation, the country yields in perfection most of the productions alike of the temperate and the torrid zones. Extending for 1,200 miles along the seaboard of the Atlantic, and 900 miles along the coast of the Pacific, Mexico contains an area three times larger than France, situated between the two great oceans of the world, and presenting in its southern portion a route well fitted to become a highway between them. Mexico contains within herself all the material elements of a great empire. All that is wanted is to regenerate her people,—to revive in them the energies which they, both Indians and Spaniards, once exerted gloriously in the olden

time,—and thereby make them fit to profit by the extraordinary natural resources with which they are surrounded.

On either side Mexico is bordered by a narrow low-lying coast region, abounding in heat and moisture, where vegetation presents the full luxuriance of the tropics. The interior of the country, on the other hand, consists of a vast table-land, as level as the sea, of an average height of 7,000 feet above the coast; and out of this great plain rise chains of mountains rich in minerals, and lofty isolated peaks, like snow-capped Popocatepetl, the breezes from which cool down the summer heat. Here and there, especially on its outskirts, this great plain is seamed by profound valleys or glens, bounded by precipitous walls of rock; and standing on the temperate table-land, the stranger beholds with amazement the gorgeous scenery of tropical vegetation which opens upon him in glowing colors in the valley beneath. Mexico is rich in indigenous plants and flowers. On the plains, the strange-looking stems of the cactus, like grotesque vegetable pillars, silent and unbending to the wind, rise to the height of twenty feet, gorgeous with scarlet or yellow blossoms.* The air is perfumed by the wild and profusely-growing convolvuli, with their graceful bell-flowers. And the vanilla plant, whose pods yield an expensive luxury, grows spontaneously in the coast-region,—ivy-like climbing the loftiest trees, while its large white flowers, striped with red and yellow, fill the forest with their rare and delicious odor. The coffee-tree is indigenous, and can be most successfully cultivated in the region above the

*"On nearing the towns, vast fields are seen covered with clumps of aloes arranged in the quincunx form, to which the similar plants found in Europe, whether in the open air or in the greenhouse, are not to be compared. This is the maguey, whose juice (*pulque*) delights the Mexican palate and enriches the treasury. The maguey and the cactus are the two plants characteristic of the Mexican table-land. In uncultivated districts there are immense tracts offering nothing to the eye but aloes and cactus, standing solitary or in scattered groups,—a strange and melancholy vegetation that stands insensible to the whistling of the wind instead of replying to it, as do our waving forests, with a thrill of animation. The silent inflexibility of the aloes and cactus might make the traveller fancy, as he loses sight of the villages, that he is traversing one of those countries he has been told of in fairy tales, where an angry genie has turned all nature to stone."—*Chevalier's Mexico (English Edition), vol. i. p. 23.*

reach of the malaria, on the comparatively temperate mountain-slopes between four and five thousand feet above the sea. The cocoa-shrub, also, is indigenous, but requires the damp and sultry warmth of the coast-region. In such districts it is amazingly productive. Humboldt, in his "Tropical World," says he never should forget the deep impression made upon him by the luxuriance of tropical vegetation on first seeing a cocoa plantation. "After a damp night, large blossoms of the theobroma issue from the root at a considerable distance from the trunk, emerging from the deep black mould. A more striking example of the productive powers of life could hardly be met with in organic nature." Tobacco, indigo, flax, and hemp grow wild, and amply repay cultivation.

The vegetable productions which supply the necessities of life are numerous and remarkably productive. Maize, which of all the indigenous productions of the New World has been of the greatest value to Europe, yields about two hundred-fold, and on the best cultivated land five hundred-fold; and in the coast-region, sometimes three crops of it are raised within the year. The banana, the most prolific of all vegetables, likewise abounds in Mexico, and might support a population of unusual density. Planted with the banana, a piece of land will yield a weight of fruit a hundred and thirty times greater than if planted with wheat, and fifty times greater than if planted with potatoes. Wheat and barley, introduced from Europe, thrive in the temperate region, and owing to the natural fertility of the soil, yield large returns. The sugar-cane of Mexico, famed for its unrivalled abundance of saccharine matter, is cultivated, not only in the coast-region, but on the adjoining mountain-slopes, above the noxious influence of the *terra caliente*. The cotton plant, though yielding its finest qualities in the moist coast-region, can be cultivated on the higher grounds, especially as the Mexican plant is capable of resisting the effects of frost. In truth, the vegetable productions, as well as the mineral wealth of Mexico, are almost unrivalled in the world; and in course of time, when foreign capital has been introduced, and when the population has increased alike in energy and in numbers, it will become a great exporting country, and will rise in prosperity while benefiting the world at large.

To know what a country may become, we must know what it has been. When Cortez landed on the mainland of America, he heard from all quarters the fame of a great empire and a magnificent monarch; and when he began his memorable march inland from Vera Cruz, he soon met abundant proofs of the prosperity of the country and the power of its ruler. Superb presents were brought to him,—cultivation, aided by irrigating canals, overspread the plains and valleys,—populous cities rose in his path. There was a well-ordered administrative system and a powerful priesthood. Immense teocallis, or pyramidal temples, rose in stages to the height of one hundred to three hundred feet and more, covering so much ground that the base of one of them, not remarkable for its height, was twice as large as that of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh: while from their summits perpetual fires blazed, lighting the darkness of night with strange and lurid gleams. Under the emperor were Caciques, or great nobles (like the Daimios of Japan), ruling their provinces in unswerving and devoted loyalty to the emperor. There was a numerous and well-cared-for army, with orders of knighthood resembling those in Europe,—and (remarkable fact) a Chelsea Hospital or *Hotel des Invalides*, in which the veterans were cared for at the expense of the State. "It shall never be said," wrote the grave and circumspect Cortez to Charles V., "that I have exaggerated facts. I shall do what is possible to relate, as well as I can, a few, of which I have been an eye-witness, so marvellous that they pass all belief, and for which we cannot account to our own selves."

The wonder of the Spaniards was at its height when, after defiling through the mountain-passes, they entered the valley of Mexico, and saw before them a great basin or plain seventy miles in diameter, bounded on all sides by lofty mountains, and studded with great and populous cities, clustering around the series of connected lakes which lay in the centre of the valley. Several of those cities, like Tezcuco and Cholula, had a population of 150,000; and the whole valley was richly cultivated. In the centre of the great lake, approached by three causeways from the mainland, rose the capital, Tenochtitlan (Mexico)—the Venice of the New World—with 300,000 inhabitants. There were the royal palaces of Montezuma, one-

storied, but covering such large areas that one of them sufficed to contain the whole band of Cortez, including his Tlascalcan allies. Pyramidal temples, in great numbers and of immense size, towered aloft, with their perpetual fires reflected in the waters; and the houses, coated with solid white stucco, gleamed in the brilliant sunshine as if constructed of the precious metals. Like Venice, the city was intersected with canals from the lake, forming watery highways, by which goods could be transported from the mainland into the heart of the city; and in the centre was the great market-place, surrounded by porticos,—twice as large as the city of Salamanca, said Cortez, and in which 60,000 persons could traffic with ease. "It is the most beautiful thing in the world," said Cortez, speaking of the capital, with bitter regret, when the heroic defence of the Aztecs compelled him to demolish it house by house. Around all was the great lake, crossed only by the three causeways, and dotted by artificial floating islets, bearing fruits and flowers for the market of the capital, which struck the Spaniards alike with wonder and admiration.*

"I think there is no Soldan nor infidel prince known up to this time, who has himself waited upon with so much display and magnificence," said Cortez, when he reached Mexico and beheld the royalty of Montezuma. In the mouth of Cortez, the phrase "Soldan" is a sort of superlative. Let us remember, too, that this was written to the Emperor Charles V., the greatest European monarch of his time. There were botanical gardens, too,—before anything of the kind had been thought of in Europe,—and menageries and collections of birds. "Hanging gardens," rivalling those of Babylon, adorned the mountain-sides, and the humblest of the

people had a passion for flowers.* Nor was intellectual cultivation forgotten, and the monarch mingled with and took part in the assemblies of the men of letters, feeling that by so doing he added lustre to his royalty. Their books were collected in libraries, and were written on leaves like ours, and not on rolls. Horses were unknown, but posts were established throughout the empire, with relays of runners, who, with marvellous speed, transmitted the orders of the emperor. So fleet were these runners, and so admirably organized the system, that the fish which one day were swimming in the waters of the Pacific or Atlantic were next day served up at the royal table in the capital. The beauty of their goldsmiths' work was praised as unrivalled by Cortez, even when sending the very articles to his emperor, who would judge of them for himself. The cotton plant was cultivated, and its snowy pods were woven, and formed the clothing of the people. The vine was unknown; but they found a substitute in the sweet juices of the agave; while its pulp was converted into paper, and its fibres into rope. They had explored the mineral treasures of the mountains, and pos-

** The Mexicans had a passion for flowers. They collected together in splendid gardens such as were remarkable for perfume or for brilliancy of color. To these they added medicinal plants, methodically arranged; shrubs distinguished by their blossoms or their foliage, by the excellence of their fruit, or their berries; and also trees of elegant or majestic appearance. They delighted in laying out their terraces and bowers on hilly slopes, where they looked as if suspended. Aqueducts brought thither water from a distance, which overflowed in cascades, or filled spacious basins tenanted by the choicest fish. Mysterious pavilions were hidden among the foliage, and statues reared their forms amid the flowers. All the kinds of animals that we assemble in our gardens consecrated to science—such as the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the Zoological Gardens of London—contributed to the ornament or curiosity of these resorts of pleasure. Birds were there of beautiful plumage, kept in cages as large as houses; there also were wild beasts, animals of various kinds, and even serpents. Bernal Diaz there first beheld the rattlesnake, which he describes as having '*castanets in its tail*.' One of the royal gardens, two leagues from Tezcuco, was formed on the side of a hill, whose summit was reached by an ascent of five hundred steps, and was crowned by a basin, whence, by an effort of hydraulic skill, water flowed in succession into three other reservoirs, adorned with gigantic statues. Cortez also mentions the gardens of a Cacique, which were not less than two leagues in circumference."—See *Chevalier's Mexico*, vol. i. p. 28-30.

** Another curiosity existed in the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, scattered over the lakes. These artificial islets, of fifty to a hundred yards long, served for the cultivation of vegetables and flowers for the market of the capital. Some of these islets had consistency enough for shrubs of some size to grow on, or to bear even a hut of light material. They were at pleasure moved to the bank by poles, or were made to move over the waters with their floral treasures by the same means. This spectacle impressed the Spaniards greatly, and, according to Bernal Diaz, made them say that they had been transported into an enchanted region like those they had read of in the romance of 'Amadis de Gaul.'—*Chevalier's Mexico*, vol. i. p. 31.

essed gold, silver, copper, tin, and even iron. In astronomical science, also, they were well advanced; and to the astonishment of the Spaniards, they possessed a calendar more perfect than that of Greece and Rome, or even than that which prevailed in Europe under Francis I. and Charles V.

This spectacle of grandeur and prosperity, which met the eyes of Cortez, and the other chroniclers of the conquest, disappeared like a dream. The numerous and civilized population dwindled and sank into barbarism. The very face of the country became changed. It was not a government studious to preserve civilization and order that made the Conquest, but a band of bigoted and rapacious adventurers. The administrative system of the Aztec emperors fell into decay; the reign of order was succeeded by chaos and rapacity; cultivation was neglected, the people enslaved, the collections of science scattered, and the libraries of literature destroyed. "To the mines!" was the cry of the Spaniards. Their only thought, as Christians, was to obliterate and destroy the pagan past; their only passion, as conquerors, was to possess themselves of the precious ores. The great nobles were killed or despoiled; the priesthood, the depositaries of the national learning and traditions, were persecuted and massacred; and the books were gathered together, and destroyed in the flames. The Indians were hurried off to work in gangs in the mines. The great cities were depopulated, and crumbled into ruins. The forests were felled or burned, partly because they afforded shelter to the natives, partly in imitation of the treeless plains of Castile; and the soil, denuded of its natural covering, became arid and barren, and no longer attracted or retained as before the fertilizing showers. The population is now probably not one-third of what it was in the time of Montezuma. And by partially draining the lakes of the valley, the Spaniards have only uncovered an expanse of salt-impregnated soil,—a disfigurement to the eye, and utterly useless for cultivation.

But this did not complete the tale of ruin which has befallen Mexico. In course of time evil days came for the whites themselves, and they began to suffer disasters at their own hands, as if in divine vengeance for those which they had so ruthlessly inflicted on the natives. The government of

the mother-country became oppressive to the Spanish population of Mexico; and when they threw it off, they only fell into worse evils. Revolution after revolution, each accompanied by a civil war, took place; and the country became a prey to military factions. Private adventurers set themselves in arms against the government of the hour, and if their insurrection proved successful, their first care was to enrich themselves and their followers at the expense of the rest of the community. Peaceful industry went to the wall; wealthy citizens found themselves singled out for extortion; and commercial enterprise gradually became extinct. The profession of arms—if such a title can be applied to what was simply brigandage—was the only one which prospered, and was eagerly followed by the whole scum of the population. Robbery and murder became even more common than revolts. The whole country was a prey to licentious marauders, and its whole strength was exhausted in internal commotions. One-half of its territory was given up to the encroaching ambition of the United States. Texas, with its prairies of exuberant fertility, and California, with its immense mines of gold, were wrung from Mexico by force of arms; and the vast territory now known as New Mexico was ceded to the overbearing Cabinet of Washington for a trifling sum of money. Mexico was fast disappearing from the map. The still-existing half of the country seemed ready to be absorbed as soon as the people of the United States felt the desire for further annexations. Mexico was perishing by her own sins, when, fortunately for her, some of her own sins gave rise to an intervention on the part of other powers who had no selfish ambition to gratify at her expense, and which was converted by the Emperor Napoleon into a means of rescuing her from impending destruction.

When the Mexicans murdered and despoiled one another, they were not likely to be more tender towards foreign settlers. Several British and other foreign merchants and traders were murdered or despoiled of their goods; the debts due to foreign creditors were repudiated, and the claims of foreign governments were contumeliously ignored. In these circumstances—apparently at the suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon—England, France, and Spain agreed to act in concert, with a view to obtain redress for their

wrongs. That the Emperor Napoleon meditated from the outset an intervention in the internal affairs of Mexico is obvious from the tenor of his instructions to Admiral Gravière. He foresaw that it was hopeless to expect redress from the Mexican Government as long as that government—or rather that rule of anarchy—was permitted to exist. He considered it probable, also, that the better classes in Mexico would avail themselves of the presence of the allied expedition to establish a government in accordance with their own wishes and the requirements of civilization. He did not avow his convictions on these points,—at least, not to England; but he trusted that, once fairly engaged in the enterprise, his allies would see the necessity of proceeding further than was originally agreed on. In truth, the convention was a blunder if its terms were not to be exceeded. What cared a ruler like Juarez for a seizure of a seaport or two? And how ignoble would be the attitude of the three great powers if their forces were simply to act as tax-gatherers at Vera Cruz and Matamoras, while a full-blood Indian, like Juarez, refused all redress, and openly set them at defiance! But when the question of a direct intervention came to an issue, Spain, seeing that France would take the lead, withdrew in pique, and England patched up a useless treaty with Juarez, and recalled her squadron. But the emperor adhered to his purpose. As usual, he had formed his plans and counted the cost beforehand, and he would not recede. He could not have reckoned that England would willingly engage in an intervention such as he designed, and so opposed to her principles of policy; but doubtless he did not expect to be left so summarily and entirely to his own resources. But the die was cast. The French troops could not be allowed to remain at Vera Cruz, exposed to the deadly malaria of the coast-region. They must either advance into the interior, or be withdrawn at once. The advance was ordered; the troops ascended to the edge of the table-land, where the climate was temperate and healthy; but there the march was stayed. The force was found quite inadequate to undertake a further advance; for some months the troops had a difficulty in maintaining their intrenched position at Orizaba; and even after reinforcements arrived, and the advance was resumed, the fortunes of the expedition trembled in the

scales before the walls of Puebla. The defence made by the Mexican garrison was unexpectedly obstinate; it seemed as if the spirit of the defenders of Saragossa still existed among their countrymen in the New World. But with the fall of Puebla resistance ceased. The French advanced, unopposed, to the capital. Conciliatory proclamations were addressed to the people, and soon every element of organized resistance to the invaders melted away and disappeared.

It was a sagacious act on the part of Napoleon to associate with him, in the outset of the enterprise, the only two powers in Europe who might have regarded his policy in Mexico with distrust. He was equally careful to leave no ground for international jealousy in the selection which he made of a ruler for the regenerated empire. His great uncle, in the heyday of his success, surrounded France with affiliated kingdoms, placing members of his own family upon the thrones which his conquests had rendered vacant. Napoleon III. does not seem disposed to imitate his example. His cousin Prince Napoleon, although notoriously “a prince in search of a crown,” was not chosen to fill the throne of Mexico; and Prince Murat was left to dream of possibilities which might one day place him on the throne of Southern Italy. The emperor made a good choice in selecting the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. Mexico could furnish no man suitable for the throne. The country had been in such a state of chaos and revolution for forty years that the only prominent personages were unscrupulous adventurers, dishonored by their previous career, and in whom no confidence could be placed. If any Mexican had been raised to the throne, his name would have had no power, he would have commanded no respect. Pronunciamentos and insurrections would have gone on as before. A foreigner was needed for the throne. “Let us wipe out the past; let us have a clear stage; let us start afresh.” Such ought to be, and such in great part is, the sentiment of all the better classes in Mexico. But the chief of the new empire must not be a *parvenu*. All nations prefer to have for ruler a man born in the purple, a prince of royal lineage,—a man accustomed to royalty, and removed from the jealousies which attend a commoner who is suddenly raised to be a king. Such a prince is the Archduke Maximilian, a mem-

ber of one of the oldest royal families in Europe, and the lives of whose ancestors form part of the public history of Europe. Moreover he was not inexperienced in the practical duties of government, and he had discharged those duties creditably and with ability. We trust that in the wider and higher sphere of duty to which he is now called, the archduke will justify the best expectations which have been formed of him. Many difficulties will attend the outset of his career, although they are not such as should daunt any monarch of ordinary resolution and intelligence. He is a foreigner; he enters Mexico escorted by a foreign army; and foreign troops will for several years remain to support his throne. But he does not come as a conqueror. He does not seek to destroy the past, but to restore it. He succeeds to a blank in the annals of Mexico, and he will seek to make his reign a continuation of the prosperity which preceded that blank, and to raise the country to a higher position in the world than it ever enjoyed before. A brilliant future is before him if he prove equal to the occasion. It is in his power to leave behind him a distinguished name in history,—to found a great empire,—and to restore to the civilized world one of its portions which had relapsed into misery and barbarism.

While thus carrying out his "Mexican idea" with admirable circumspection, the Emperor of the French took care that the importance and true character of his design should be generally known. No man knows better than he the power which a policy derives from the support of public opinion. He wished to get the moral sense of Europe on his side, and to prove to France that the "idea" was one which was worthy of a great nation which aspires to be the leader of civilization. He intrusted the task of exposition to one of his senators whose character for impartiality is as well known as his high intellectual powers, and who enjoys a celebrity greater than any which can be conferred by the favor of courts. Michel Chevalier is the ablest political economist on the Continent; he is a man of facts, and of sound and careful reasoning; so that he was eminently fitted to be an expositor of the imperial policy upon whose judgment and integrity the public could rely. He has produced

a work upon Mexico* which goes far beyond the scope of the present intervention, and which gives a clear and solid exposition of the condition and history of the country from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge down to the present day. Although warmly approving the motive which led to the Napoleonic intervention in Mexico, he nowhere shows the slightest trace of the spirit of a partisan. He views everything clearly and dispassionately, and takes full account of the difficulties which beset this attempt to establish a stable Mexican empire.

The greatest danger which besets the new empire manifestly arises from the ill-will with which the Americans of the United States will regard an undertaking which has for its object to rob them of their prey. Either the new Mexican empire must be established on solid foundations before the termination of the civil war in the United States, or the project will run a great risk of failure. The provinces of Sonora and Lower California, especially, with their rich mines, will tempt the cupidity of the Americans in California; and these provinces lie so remote from the capital, and the means of communication with them are so extremely defective, that the Mexican Government will have much difficulty in defending them in the event of their being attacked. In order to secure her northwestern provinces, adjoining the Pacific, from attack, Mexico must have a fleet, or else obtain the assistance of a naval squadron from France. If the civil war in the United States terminates, as it seems likely to do, in a permanent disruption of the Union, the Mexican Government may find support in one or other of the rival sections into which its colossal neighbor will break up. But this is a very doubtful support to rely upon; and if the Mexicans are wise, they will act as men who know they are enjoying a breathing-time, and that ere long they must confide in their own energies to defend their territories and maintain their independence.

As regards the immediate difficulties which surround the new government, M. Chevalier evidently considers that the most serious is

* "Mexico, Ancient and Modern." By M. Michel Chevalier, Senator, and Member of the Institute of France.

that which may arise from the conduct of the pope,—from the policy of the very Church which the emperor takes under his special protection. In order to regenerate Mexico, says M. Chevalier, it is indispensable that the government should secularize and take into its own management the immense property of the Church; by which means the finances of the State would be placed on a prosperous footing, without really impairing the resources of the clerical body. But the pope has hitherto shown himself strongly opposed to any such project; and M. Chevalier states that the influence of the clergy is so great among the Mexicans that no government can secure an adequate amount of popularity which sets itself in opposition to the head of the Church. Is, then, the pope to make the required concession, or is the new emperor to find himself surrounded by disaffection, arising from the great influence of the clergy over the minds of the people? Before embarking for his new empire, the archduke visited Rome to obtain the benediction of the pope, and also doubtless to endeavor to procure a favorable settlement of this important question. We have not heard that the archduke succeeded in the latter and more important part of his mission. He got a blessing on his voyage, but, probably, a *non possumus* as regards all else.

Ere this, the new emperor will have landed at Vera Cruz, amid salvos of artillery, and will have commenced his royal progress to the capital. On the way, he will have abundant evidence of the fallen condition of the country; and when the magnificent valley of Anahuac opens upon him, he will see how ample are the triumphs which await him if he succeeds in his mission. Doubtless his first act will be to assemble a council of the notables, the leading men in the country, to ascertain from them the wants of the nation, and to obtain their co-operation in the measures requisite to re-organize the state and regenerate the people. Order must first be established, and the administrative system put upon an efficient footing. The work of regeneration will necessarily be a slow one, and years must elapse before much progress can be made in awaking the energies and developing the resources of the country. Mexico is almost roadless, and the cost and difficulty of transport at present are serious obstacles to the development of the export

trade. A railway from Vera Cruz to the capital will probably be the first great public work undertaken by the new government; and in the execution of this work, foreign capital and enterprise will doubtless be drawn into the country. The mines of the precious metals will likewise engage the eager attention of the government, as the most promising of all the immediate resources of the State. Two-thirds of all the silver circulating in the world has been produced from the mines of Mexico. Nevertheless, the mineral wealth of the country can hardly be said to have yet been explored; and probably Humboldt was right in his conjecture, that if the mines of Mexico be adequately worked, Europe will again be inundated with silver as in the sixteenth century. In any case we may expect that, ere-long, the produce of the Mexican mines will, to a great extent, redress the balance of the precious metals, and prevent any derangement in the relative value of gold and silver by adding largely to the supplies of the latter metal. Let us hope also that, as soon as the finances of the State permit, the emperor will seek to restore his capital—the noblest city which the Spaniards ever built in the New World—to its former splendor, and make it worthy of its magnificent site, which is hardly rivalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world. Let him do in some degree for Mexico what Napoleon has accomplished for Paris. Let him employ the crowds of beggars which disfigure the streets in works of embellishment and public utility,—thereby arousing them to a life of honest industry, and at the same time making his renovated capital a beautiful and stately symbol of the happy change which in like manner, we trust, will be accomplished in the country at large.

If the new emperor has difficulties to encounter, he has also many advantages. Although a stranger, a majority of the people will receive him as a monarch of their own choice, and the remainder will readily acquiesce in the new regime. He has no native rivals: there is no old sovereignty to be overborne,—no old traditions of government to be encountered and supplanted. He is the first monarch after chaos. He succeeds to a long interregnum of anarchy which constitutes a mere blank in the history of the country. His throne will be raised upon ruins which are not of his making,—upon the debris of

a power which had crumbled into the dust half a century before his arrival. The founding of his empire is like building a city upon the site of another which had long perished, and with which the new one does not enter into rivalry, but simply replaces. England wishes him good-speed. And among the strange events of the future it may possibly happen that the House of Hapsburg may be the head of a great and flourishing empire in the New World after the original empire in Europe has been broken into pieces.

The intervention in Mexico is a remarkable episode in the policy of Napoleon III., and as such will not fail to attract the regard of future historians. It is a task as novel as it is honorable for a monarch to attempt the regeneration of a country other than his own, to carry civilization and prosperity into a region of the globe where they have fallen into decay,—even though he undertook the task primarily with a view to his own interests. To raise a country thrice as large as France from a state of chronic desolation,—to pierce it with railways, to reconstruct the old watercourses of irrigation, to re-open the rich mines, and to make the waste places blossom with flowers and fruits and useful plants, is certainly a noble design. And still nobler is it, to rescue a population of eight millions from anarchy, demoralization, and suffering, and to restore to them, in better fashion than they ever had before, the protection of the State and the benefactions of the Church. Lawlessness and rapine, wastefulness and oppression,—no public virtue and no private enterprise,—such has been the condition of Mexico for many years. Napoleon, it is true, does not undertake to remedy these evils himself; but he has made a beginning, he has taken the first step, which is proverbially so difficult. He has placed the Mexicans on a vantage-ground which they could not have

obtained for themselves, and he gives to them a government temporarily aided by his troops, recognized by the powers of Europe, and possessing a fair amount of credit in other countries, by which the work of regenerating the moral and material condition of Mexico may be carried out. He has cleared away the old obstructions; he has founded the new empire; and whatever be the ultimate results of his enterprise, he has thereby added fresh laurels to his renown, which are all the more honorable since they are voted to him by the world at large.

So far as it has gone, the intervention has been successful, and the Napoleonic idea has a good prospect of being fully realized. Meanwhile two important ends have been attained. The expedition has paid its expenses: the cost of the intervention is to be refunded to France by the new government, which likewise takes upon itself the charge of maintaining the French troops which are to be left in Mexico. The enterprise, moreover, has successfully engaged the thoughts of the French people during a period when the emperor found it advisable to remain at peace in Europe. France is still in a condition in which the stimulus of military action abroad is requisite to keep her quiescent at home. The emperor's Mexican idea has served this purpose as well as others. And Europe has been thankful that the French have been amused otherwise than at her expense. But the Mexican idea, so far as regards the direct action of France, is now at an end; and looking at the circumstances of Europe as well as at the fact that the emperor's hands are again free, we think the Continental powers may now feel as King John did when, at the close of the tournament at Ashby de la Zouch, he received the brief but significant warning, "The devil has got loose."

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Queen's English: Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling.* By Henry Alford, D. D., Dean of Canterbury. London and Cambridge: 1864.
2. *Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects.* By Henry H. Breen, Esq., F. S. A. London: 1857.

DISCUSSIONS on small points of grammar, spelling, and pronunciation are very frequent in these islands, though not, perhaps, among those persons whose education and pursuits have qualified them to treat such subjects to the greatest advantage. Officers in the army and navy, sporting men, and attorneys' clerks seem to be particularly addicted to these disputations, which (generally speaking) are characterized rather by the loudness than the relevancy of the arguments and illustrations, and are terminated by a bet which is never decided. Men of literary tastes and habits touch these matters more rarely; partly, no doubt, for the same reason that the rules of etiquette are not often discussed among well-bred people; partly also, perhaps, from a fear of being thought pedantic triflers, who attach undue importance to insignificant questions because they are incapable of taking an interest in exalted themes; and of the few who are both qualified and willing to assume the office of public teachers, the majority, unfortunately, are people with crotchets, who take aversion to particular words and phrases, and employ themselves on the vain and unprofitable task of proving that the English language ought to be something different from what it is.

Under these circumstances, the public ought to be much obliged to Dean Alford and Mr. Breen for the useful and entertaining works above named; the former being (as its author informs us) a collection, "in a considerably altered form," of papers originally used as lectures at Canterbury, and afterwards published "in the widely circulated periodical entitled *Good Words*." That we should entirely agree with every one of the opinions expressed by these writers, is not to be expected; but on the whole, they will be found trustworthy guides on sundry doubtful questions, and just prosecutors, judges, and executioners of numerous common errors and vulgarisms in spoken and written English; in short, the aforesaid dis-

putants cannot do better than elect them joint standing referees of all their bets,—past, present, and future.

Certain it is that, owing to various causes, some of which we shall presently mention, the well of pure sound English is in great peril of permanent defilement; and any duly qualified person who has a chance of being listened to can hardly do a better service to literature than by writing such books as those before us. The need of such monitors is pretty obvious when we read even in a royal speech that "the territories which have hitherto been under the sway of the King of Denmark should *continue so to remain*." They must, however, be practical: doctrinaires and theorists are not wanted. To state clearly what words and expressions are, or are not, good English is useful information; to investigate the causes which have led to the adoption of this or that word or expression, is an interesting branch of the history of the language; to protest against new words or forms which are not wanted, or which have not been coined in the true mint, is almost a duty, while they are yet new, and are still only in the hands of the conceited pretenders who have introduced them; but beyond that it is vain to go. People who write essays to prove that though a word in fact means one thing, it *ought* to mean another, or that though all well-educated Englishmen do conspire to use this expression, they *ought* to use that, are simply bores. The question whether any word or phrase is or is not good English is strictly a question of fact. We are a little apt to fall into a narrow and erroneous tone of criticism from the circumstance that we have most of us received our first notions of grammar in connection with a dead language. For Latin and Greek there are fixed standards of purity; at any rate, conceivable standards, though scholars may dispute as to where the line shall be drawn; but for a living language there is, and can be, no standard but the usage of educated men. The elegance, accuracy, and propriety of the language in use among a people depend mainly on the preservation of a pure standard of speech at the bar, in the pulpit, in parliament, and as far as possible by the principal newspapers,—though the jargon of the daily press unhappily acts more commonly in the opposite direction. Our dean says, in the

concluding paragraph of his book, with great good sense,—

"These stray notes on spelling and speaking have been written more as contributions to discussion than as attempts to decide in doubtful cases. The decision of matters such as those which I have treated is not made by any one man or set of men; cannot be brought about by strong writing, or vehement assertion: but depends on influences wider than any one man's view, and taking longer to operate than the life of any one generation. It depends on the direction and deviations of the currents of a nation's thoughts, and the influence exercised on words by events beyond man's control. Grammarians and rhetoricians may set bounds to language; but usage will break over in spite of them. And I have ventured to think that he may do some service who, instead of standing and protesting where this has been the case, observes, and points out to others, the existing phenomena, and the probable account to be given of them."

Strange to say, however (or rather, not strange at all), the author of these just and sensible observations is not entirely without his own little prejudices,—cannot entirely help feeling that certain words have no business to be English, though he can hardly deny that they are. Thus he says that the expression, "a superior man," is an odious way of speaking, which, if "followed out as a precedent, cannot but vulgarize and deteriorate our language." Yet he would be the first to point out (in any case but his own) that it is no argument against the admissibility of a phrase to say that it does not allow of being "followed out as a precedent." He would not object to speak of "falling in love," because we may not say that we "fall in hate." But any stick, as the proverb goes, will serve to beat a dog. If authors with crotchets would but examine a page of the first book that comes to hand, and say candidly how many words and sentences in it would stand the test of the kind of criticism which they are in the habit of applying to their own "favorite aversions," we are persuaded that many an unprofitable tirade might be saved.

But although we admit the force of usage, which is continually legalizing expressions before unknown, or proscribing expressions once familiar to our forefathers, we are entitled to claim that these innovations should be governed by the usage of the educated

classes and not of the illiterate and the vulgar. A conflict is always going on between the written and the spoken language of a country,—because it is written by the more cultivated few, it is spoken by the less cultivated many. Those who write labor, on the whole, to preserve the traditions and fences of the language; those who speak to break them down. Hence in colonies or dependencies, where classical standards are unknown, and literature itself is degraded to the lowest forms of the newspaper, the corruption of the language is far more rapid than with us; but these slang and cant phrases of Americans and Australians tend to find their way back to England, and more than one of the most questionable innovations of the day might be traced to base usages of this nature. Again, we cannot admit the authority of usage, when it is clearly opposed to the very principles of language. There is, we fear, ample authority, amongst writers of the present day, for the use of the word "supplement," not as a noun substantive, which is its proper meaning, but as a verb active in the sense of to supply what is deficient, to complete. We have seen it used of late years by prelates and judges, who ought to have abhorred such a solecism; nay, we will even confess, so infectious has it become, that it has, once or twice, crept, notwithstanding our utmost vigilance, into these pages. "Supplement" is by its form the thing added or supplied, not the act of supplying it. You might just as well say that instead of appending another page to your book, you intend to appendix it.

We have already hinted that men of superior education are sometimes deterred from instructing the public in the right use of their language by the fear of being thought triflers. "But," says the dean, "the language of a people is no trifle."

"The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is high-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness, we may be sure, cannot be long maintained. That nation must be (and it has ever been so in history) not far from rapid decline, and from being degraded from its former glory. Every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history.

"Look, to take one familiar example, at the process of deterioration which our Queen's English has undergone at the hands of the Americans. Look at those phrases which so amuse us in their speech and books; at their reckless exaggeration and contempt for congruity; and then compare the character and history of the nation. Such examples as this (and they are as many as the number of the nations and their tongues) may serve to show that language is no trifle."

Agreeing with the dean that language is no trifle, we do not think it necessary to mix it up with morals and politics; and if he means that the deterioration of a language is in any sense a *cause* of the deterioration of the national character, we do not agree with him. The same causes may produce both. The preservation of the purity and force of our noble mother-tongue, for its own sake, appears to us a sufficiently important object to all Englishmen, or at least to all Englishmen of literary tastes and pursuits; and we do not think it necessary to go further afield in search of a warrant for devoting a few pages to the cause. There are, indeed, people who seem to be insensible both to beauties and to faults of style, and to be able to take in the substance of a book (when it has any) equally well, whether it be well or ill written; just as some persons are, or profess to be, indifferent to cookery, provided they are supplied with a sufficiency of carbon and so forth; but it is probable that even these are unconsciously influenced by literary defects or merits, while it is certain, on the other hand, that people of sensitive taste often find themselves absolutely debarred from reading a book at all, from the intolerable irritation caused by an affected or otherwise objectionable manner.

While the dean's work was still in progress in the pages of *Good Words*, a Mr. Washington Moon amused himself by demonstrating that while he undertook to instruct others, the author was himself but a castaway in matters of grammar. He published a pamphlet entitled "A Defence of the Queen's English;" the dean replied, of course, in his next number; then Mr. Moon produced a second Defence; and a very pretty quarrel ensued, in which, it must be confessed, neither side showed more courtesy or good taste than is usually displayed in literary squabbles. As, however, the dean has been wise enough to eliminate the bitter

parts of this controversy from the book as now published, we should not have thought it necessary to allude to it, if some of Mr. Moon's remarks did not afford examples of a kind of verbal criticism on which it is desirable to say a few words, inasmuch as it is of frequent occurrence, and both erroneous and mischievous.

It is a favorite artifice with some people who are determined to find fault with a writer's language, to make out that the words are so arranged as to produce meanings ludicrously different from what he really intended; proceeding on the assumption that no sentence is correct, unless the mere syntactical arrangement of the words, irrespective of their meaning, is such that they are incapable of having a double aspect. There are people who will think it just and facetious to say, for instance, that because "a red Indian's wigwam" means the wigwam of a red Indian, therefore "a blue sailor's jacket" must mean the jacket of a blue sailor. But what do *they* mean when they say that? They cannot mean that it really produces that idea in their mind, or could produce that idea in the mind of any human being; nor that they believe that the writer meant to produce that idea in their mind, or in the mind of any human being; it is, in fact, an impossible meaning; and yet they call it a necessary one. Where is the law which creates such a necessity? Nowhere. It is quite a mistake to think that all sentences must be framed according to a formula, whatever be the context. Provided you avoid real ambiguity, you have a perfect right to arrange your words in any order which the idiom of the English language admits of; and those who examine into the matter for the first time will be surprised to find how much they are always guided by the sense in attributing verbs, pronouns, and adjectives to their right substantives. Anxious writers may rest assured that they can safely disregard a critic who says, virtually, I admit that I understand this perfectly, and that everybody else understands it; but I assert my right to pretend that I misunderstand it. The dean met some criticisms of this description by saying, "We do not write for idiots;" an expression on which Mr. Moon seized with some exultation, as giving him a right to infer that the dean called *him* an idiot; but obviously its true meaning was, that a

writer is not bound to write as if he were writing to idiots; a perfectly just remark, and the only proper answer to give to such frivolous complaints. If a man writes in a way which cannot be misunderstood by a reader of common candor and intelligence, he has done all, as regards clearness, that can be expected of him. To attempt more is to ask of language more than language can perform; the consequences of attempting it any one may see who will spend an hour with the statutes at large. Jack was very respectful to Tom, and always took off his hat when he met him. Jack was very rude to Tom, and always knocked off his hat when he met him. Will any one pretend that either of these sentences is ambiguous in meaning, or unidiomatic in expression? Yet critics of the class now before us are bound to contend that Jack showed his respect by taking off Tom's hat, or else that he showed his rudeness by knocking off his own. It is useless to multiply examples: no book was ever written that could stand a hostile examination in this spirit; and one that could stand it would be totally unreadable.*

The dean's arguments and advice are mostly given with reference to single words and phrases; Mr. Breen, after chapters on Composition and Blunders, has one on Mannerism; but neither writer treats very fully of the general form and style of modern language. These, however (as it seems to us), are being deteriorated to a serious extent, primarily in written English, and by inevitable contagion in spoken English also; and it may be worth while, in the hope of finding some cure, to investigate the causes of the corruption, and to call attention to some of its developments. We do not propose to advert here to the genuine peculiarities of individuals. Most original writers have some habits of expression which have become incurable, and which the world of readers at first tolerates, and after a while often learns almost to love, for the writers' sake. Argument and entreaty are alike thrown away on these chartered libertines, who, moreover,

*It is not meant that *all* Mr. Moon's comments are of this kind. The dean's style is not particularly elegant or correct, and his adversary sometimes hits him hard, besides in one or two cases successfully disputing his judgments. On the important question (for instance) whether we should say the cat jumped *on to* the chair, or *on the* chair, we must vote against the dean, who unjustly condemns the former expression.

have got a habit of resenting as an impertinence any application of independent criticism to the good things that they may vouchsafe to bestow on us. But the condition of the current literature of the present day is such that there is a considerable body of writers, and of those whose productions are most widely read, who do seem to be possibly yet amenable to advice and correction. It is a fact (whether to be deplored as a national misfortune or not) that "literature" is daily becoming more and more of a profession; and when we consider how small comparatively is the number of those who read anything besides the newspapers or cheap novels, it may safely be said that at least nine-tenths of all that is read in any given day is written by men whose first consideration is to produce what is expected of them, and to give satisfaction to their employers. Such men have, probably, no literary whims of their own,—indeed, are rarely sufficiently advanced in literature to be capable of having any; but, being impressed with the notion that certain forms are looked for by the public in the treatment of certain subjects, they laboriously endeavor to obey the supposed exigencies of their vocation, and are ever on the alert to catch the last fashion, and to keep up with their competitors in the struggle for popular favor; and thus it happens that every stray trick of style which may chance to be taken up by any leading writer is now eagerly seized on by the whole rank and file of the profession, and inflicted on their readers without tact, discretion, or mercy. There does seem to be a faint hope that some few of these humbler workers in the field of letters, who sin now rather from a mistaken sense of duty than from that deliberate hostility to their readers which seems to actuate some of the fraternity, may be led to amend their ways by a few words of friendly expostulation.

The dean mentions only two of the offences now prevalent in the way of style: first, the use of inflated and pompous terms, and unnecessary substitution of words of Latin descent for our "fine manly Saxon;" secondly, the practice of interlarding English with foreign words and phrases. There are, however, many others, equally if not more worthy of castigation.

One, now very widely in vogue, is the eternal use of the present tense in the nar-

ration of past events. This artifice which, when used very sparingly, and by a master hand, may add occasional variety and liveliness to a composition, but which is not in accordance with the idiom of the English tongue, is now adopted through whole columns, whole chapters, whole volumes, as the ordinary form of ordinary narrative, in a way that is really excruciating. It is not only in the newspapers and their ubiquitous correspondents that we meet with this abomination: whole books are now written in this style, not merely books of personal adventure (in which it is bad enough), but grave historical compositions. In a work of no small pretension, which was recently before us, descriptive of events that occurred upwards of two hundred years since, nearly the whole story from beginning to end is written in the present tense, as though the incidents were in the very act of occurrence. This evil is spreading, and unless it is arrested, reading will become nearly impossible to all lovers of pure wholesome English: it is even beginning to assume forms still more hideous. Some of the more advanced practitioners of the school, feeling, perhaps, that the reader must need some relief from the ceaseless repetition of the same affectation, have hit upon the ingenious expedient of obtaining variety by going a step further, and recording a few of their events as being not only present, but future; introducing a new tense, the paulo-ante-futurum, or præteritum-propheticum, for the further botheration of schoolboys. Thus the writer already alluded to, wishing to tell us that Lord Bacon's wife and three sisters-in-law were the orphan daughters of Benedict Barnham, and that these latter became, by marriage, Lady Castlehaven, Lady Constable, and Lady Soames, expresses his meaning by saying that "the four young girls *are* the orphan daughters of Benedict Barnham; that Alice *is* the first to fall in love, but the others *will soon* be in their turns followed; that Elizabeth *will* marry the Earl of Castlehaven, and the others *will* become *in due time* Lady Constable and Lady Soames;" and a member of the Alpine Club, having occasion to mention that on a certain Monday in August, 1860, his guide made himself very useful in cutting steps in the snow and ice, can devise no more simple and idiomatic method of saying so than post-predicting that "all the day he

will be cutting steps, but his limbs *will* show no signs of extra exertion;" continuing (of course) with "we ascend a narrow edge,—the snow is frozen and hard as rock,—in a few minutes we stop and rope all together," and so on. Although the doctrine of "irresistible impulse" as an excuse for acts of violence is denied by some, we must express a conviction that the impulse to toss a book written in this style into the fire after two pages, is one which may be yielded to without any imputation on the general sanity of the reader.

We would fain, also, denounce a style of writing now much affected by small humorists which it is not easy to characterize, but which appears to owe its existence to two leading ideas; first, that it is absolutely necessary to be smart on all occasions; and next, that smartness is to be obtained by jerking handfuls of substantives, adjectives, and adverbs, unconnected by any verb, at the reader's head, as though to furnish him with the rough materials of sentences, which he is to link together by conjecture as best he may. A writer who has occasion (for instance) to record that he bought a pair of gloves at a shop in the Strand now thinks it necessary to deliver himself in some such strain as this: We are in the Strand. See, a haberdasher's shop. Let us enter. On the right, a counter. In front of it, a chair. Behind it, a smiling shopman. Mustachioed, of course. I sit down. A pair of gloves, if you please. Light yellow. Will I try these? Too large. Will I try a second pair? Too small. A third. A wriggle, a thrust, a struggle; they are on! That will do. Three and tenpence, did you say? Thank you, sir. Any other article? I rise and resume my umbrella. Once more we are in the Strand.—What can be more dreadful than the forced levity, the jaunty insolence, of this kind of composition, or rather decomposition! One longs to exclaim with Hamlet, "Leave thy damnable faces and begin!" Tell us what thou hast to say, if anything thou hast; and if not, hold thy peace.

If there be any disciples of the new school who are not yet incorrigible, let us implore them to believe that the reader who does not care to learn that they or others *went* to a place will be equally indifferent to a statement that they *go*, or *will go* there; that the præterite tense is quite as comic as the præ-

ent, or even as the future; that the omission of verbs adds neither perspicuity nor elegance to agglomerations of the other parts of speech; and that Nothing cannot be made to assume the appearance of Something by these doleful assumptions of gayety and laborious imitations of easy originality.

Another new-fangled mode of writing may be called the Parenthetico-Allusive style; it is much used by the authors of literary notices and criticisms of books. The chief characteristic of this style is an assumption that in knowledge and intellect the reader is exactly on a level with the writer, and that, consequently, it is unnecessary for the latter to say plainly what he means, the slightest hint being sufficient to convey his thought to the sympathetic brain of the other; 'as though the most important function of critical or didactic writing were not to convey information or instruction from one who is qualified to teach to another who desires to learn, but to prove to the reader that, know what he may, the writer knows it too. We all remember what Pope said on that celebrated occasion. Now, without waiting to ask the question which Burleigh asked of Sir C. Hatton under circumstances somewhat similar (though the reference to the *hat*—as to which see D'Ewes's diary—certainly made some difference), one cannot help wishing that Pope had rather followed the example set by Buonarroti (note the double *r* and single *t*; we have not forgotten the great controversy on this orthographical difficulty, nor the triumphant confutation by Venturi of the heresies of Volpi thereanent) than have fallen into the common error so well exposed by Fracastorius (who does not remember the passage?)—and so on, and so on. Surely, it is not unreasonable to ask why on earth a writer who assumes that we know exactly what he knows, recollect exactly what he recollects, and understand exactly what he understands should have thought it necessary to address us at all.

Another variety of this style is noticed by Mr. Breen. He calls it the Tally-ho, or Nimrodian style. This method of composition (he says)

"Consists in starting some fresh idea at the beginning of every paragraph; in losing sight of it as soon as it is started; and in pursuing in its stead the first stray conceit that turns up. During the chase the reader gets occasional glimpses of the particular

notion with which the writer set out. He sometimes even fancies that he is once more on its track, and on the point of coming up with it. But he soon discovers his error; for now it appears that the writer had mistaken one idea for another, and had lost sight of the old in his pursuit of the new. At times, the reader is hurried on in a straight line. At others, he is dragged through apparently interminable windings, and finds himself, at the winding up, on the exact spot whence he had taken his departure. The great beauty of this style consists in jumbling in one sentence every form and figure of speech. The longer the sentence, the more rugged its construction, the more intricate its involutions, the more gaps it presents in the way of dashes, the more barriers it opposes in the way of parentheses, the more fences it shows in compound epithets; the more pleasurable will be the reader's excitement, and the keener his appreciation of the author's dexterity and skill."

Then there is a whole family of misde-meanors which may be called the Anglo-Gallic. The dean (or rather the writer whom he quotes) touches on only one of these when he complains of the authors who talk of a "fair *debutante* on the look-out for *un bon parti*, accompanied by *mamma en grande toilette*, though *entre nous*, she looks rather *ridee*," etc. It seems to us that this particular member of the family is happily rather losing strength; but some younger offshoots from it are lamentably vigorous. One is the practice adopted by some fashionable writers of fiction and books of travel of recording in French, Italian, or German (as the case may be) whatever is said, or supposed to be said, by Frenchmen, Italians, or Germans. There are novels, and clever ones, too,—Currer Bell's "Villette" is a notable example,—in which a large proportion of the dialogue, and this not merely in the parts illustrative of character, but even in the parts containing the very marrow of the plot, is thus written in French, presenting the preposterous spectacle of a book called an English book, yet unintelligible to an Englishman, however well acquainted with his native tongue, unless he happens to have learned that of a certain foreign people also. Though it does not aggravate the bad taste, it does aggravate the presumption of this offence that, in the majority of instances, the French thus introduced is of the kind which Chaucer describes as being "after the scole of Stratford-atte-

Bowe." Dr. Johnson relates in the *Rambler* that "when Lee was once told by a critic that it was very easy to write like a madman, he answered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool;" and certain novelists may usefully be reminded that it is possible to write what is not English without writing what is Parisian. But a still worse distortion than even this has lately been invented. A something is now coined which is neither French nor English, but a third language, obtained by making literal translations of the words forming a French sentence, without any attempt to convert them into the corresponding idiom of the English. Thus a writer who wishes to tell us that one Frenchman invited another to sit down, will represent him as saying, "Give yourself the pain to seat yourself; behold a chair!" or a man enjoying the morning breeze is made to exclaim, "How the air is good to respire!" To do this once for a jest is well enough; to do it a second time is somewhat too much; but to go on hammering upon the same vapid pleasantries through a whole volume is at once tedious and irritating to the last degree. Apart from mere imitation, it is really impossible, when one comes to think of it, to discover any other motive than one for using either the English-French or the French-English. "*Ou, monsieur*," instead of "Yes, sir," or "Behold me!" instead of "Here I am," cannot be easier to write, is certainly neither pleasanter nor more intelligible to read, and is a violation of that consistency with its own conditions which is a primary rule of good taste in all the arts. Let those who do not fully feel the ridiculous nature of this practice, just imagine the delighted contempt with which they would seize on a French tale in which the author should adopt a similar means of displaying to his countrymen his familiarity with English. What amusing extracts, what facetious commentaries, we should have: what complacent pity for the extraordinary infatuation that leads our worthy neighbors to suppose themselves qualified to write about England and the English, on the strength of a dictionary and a month in London!

The following passage may pass for a specimen of a somewhat different form of the new Norman invasion: "The min-

ister having demanded the tribune, observes that in presence of the gravity of the situation the mobilization of the National Guard was a measure of necessary precaution against the eventuality of a tentative of disembarkation on the littoral. Of two things one; either the initiative must be at once assumed, whatever painful preoccupations it may excite, or the great cause of the solidarity of the peoples must be definitely abandoned. (Profound sensation.) Interrogated respecting the concession of the line Passy-Batignolles to the Society Jabot, the speaker called in doubt the exactitude of the details put in evidence by the honorable deputy, and invoked the textual reproduction of the project of law. The measure (he said) had been consecrated in the interests of the future, and came to establish the beginnings of a new hierarchy, destined, he declared it formally, to close, in a brief delay, all the so regrettable attributions of the system of to-day." It must be admitted, in palliation of the guilt of offenders in this style, that they are not actuated either by childish vanity, or by a twaddling love for the small-beer of wit, but write thus (for the most part) because they have no time to write better, being translators from French newspapers and novels under the severest pressure from the printer; but the injury that they are causing to our language is serious. Addison would certainly have found it difficult to understand a good deal of what is now daily done into English (so called) from the foreign press.

To the same school belongs a form of expression which we can best indicate by an example: "Born in 1825, our hero went to Eton in 1837:" "Examined as to his accounts, the bankrupt stated," etc. This form is not unfrequently met with now among the writers of the uneasy class; those who seem to think that it is their business not to use their language, but to make it. There is a clumsy affectation about this which makes it particularly objectionable, and it is quite unidiomatic. What Englishman ever *spoke* so? Nobody can complain of the adoption into a living language, from whatever source, of such new terms as the progress of art and science really requires, where its own resources are unable to supply the want; but there is no justification for forcing into cir-

ulation disfigured coins from abroad, when there is an ample stock of our own genuine money ready for use.

Then there is Editorialism ; for if we laugh at the infirmities of others, we shall not shrink from commenting on those which more particularly affect periodical literature, and are indeed rooted in its nature. If it were possible to suppose that any public writers desired to obtain over the unreflecting ascendancy to which their learning and virtue did not strictly entitle them, one might insinuate that their rule of concealing, not only their personality, but their individuality also, under the mysterious veil of the plural number, was cunningly devised for the express purpose of effecting that object. By the use of this method the reader is impressed with a notion that the vaticinations and denunciations laid before him proceed from some infallible oracle, some fountain of unerring wisdom, or, at the lowest, from some body of sages assembled in solemn conclave to settle the affairs of mankind ; certainly not from anything like a fellow-mortal, sitting, perhaps, in no palatial lodging, and biting his pen in anxious search for the materials of an article ; dealing, indeed, with the fate of empires and the prospects of the human race, but thinking chiefly of finishing his day's or night's work, and getting to bed. It is useless to say anything to or about those writers, editors, and proprietors (if any such there be) who maintain this artifice for the purpose of keeping up a popular delusion ; but there are many compositions, especially essays in periodical publications, in which by custom, and without any unworthy motive, this form of expression is deemed to be necessary ; and the spirit of unreasoning imitation leads some writers of the second class to adopt it, where even this customary necessity does not exist. It is, however, a form which, though not new, has never obtained with the best writers ; it is neither elegant nor convenient ; and there is really no sufficient reason why it should not be abandoned by all those who now use it only in obedience to a rule established nobody knows how, certainly valued by none, and distasteful to many. Its effects are, indeed, more injurious than is commonly suspected ; for, on the one hand, it tempts a man to indulge in *Nos-ism*, where modesty and a sense of propriety would have made him shrink from undisguised egotism ;

and, on the other hand, it spoils all the grace and charm of those passages where the writer's own peculiar thoughts, actions, or experience can be brought forward. Many a confident assertion, or dogmatic impertinence, now uttered under the mask of plurality, would have been modified, had the writer been distinctly reminded of his individual responsibility by a more natural form of speech ; while the interest of many a narrative of personal adventure, or record of personal recollections, has been destroyed by this pompous unsubstantiality : " We felt that a few moments would decide our fate. We were totally alone ; we shouted, but no one answered. The projecting ledge on which we had contrived to support one of our feet was now slowly giving way ; we looked down ; a sheer precipice of a thousand yards yawned beneath us ; our hat fell off ; our head grew dizzy ; our right hand was rapidly becoming benumbed." Pray who can care for a Mr. We in such a situation ? The passage is perused with frigid indifference, as not appealing to any human sympathy with a fellow-creature ; or if any feeling is evoked, it is one perhaps rather resembling satisfaction,—a vague notion that somehow or other there will shortly be one newspaper-editor the less in the world.

In considering the perils to which a language is exposed, the constant influence of corruption from colonial sources must not be overlooked. Our language circulates much as our blood does. It brings back with it to the heart all sorts of impurities from the extremities to which it has penetrated, and unfortunately nature has not provided any lungs for the oxygenation of speech. It is scarcely necessary to point out whence these impurities arise,—want of social refinement, the absence of literary men of a high class, of universities, of a cultivated bar or pulpit, and on the other hand the presence (in some cases) of an aboriginal population speaking a different tongue, are sufficient to account for them ; but it is important to observe that the conditions favorable to their adoption in the mother-country are greatly on the increase. It would take a long time for a strange word or phrase to get naturalized here by word of mouth alone ; but vast quantities of printed matter now pour in daily from the very outskirts of civilization ; publishing travellers take pleasure in reproduc-

ing with minute accuracy all the uncouth and barbarous jargon that they hear uttered ; and when printing once intervenes, there is no saying where an expression may be carried, or what favorable accidents may enable it to strike root and flourish. There seems at the same time to be an unhealthy passion for adoption on the part of the public. Two or three years ago nobody would have known what was meant by a Sensation Novel ; yet now the term has already passed through the stage of jocular use (a stage in which other less lucky ones will sometimes remain for whole generations), and has been adopted as the regular commercial name for a particular product of industry for which there is just now a brisk demand. These considerations should put us on our guard, and induce us to be as surly and inhospitable as possible to all those strange sounds which come back to us like an Irish echo before we have uttered them ourselves.

With regard to magniloquence and misuse of words, the dean remonstrates earnestly with the gentlemen who will talk of "encountering an individual," "partaking of refreshment," "sustaining bereavement of a maternal relative," and so forth. May his exhortations produce good fruit ! It is true, no doubt, that folly, conceit, and ignorance are not peculiar to any age or any country ; yet in matters of literature, the present times do seem to be specially marked by the boldness with which sciolists take the lead as *innovators*. The study of Language, as Professor Max Müller observes, is properly one of the physical sciences ; but the difficulties of future philologists will be greatly increased by the intrusion into modern languages of changes and combinations which have got there by no natural process, but owing to conscious and wilful interference,—chiefly, too, by those who have no business to interfere. A long list might be made of words which have been perverted from their legitimate use solely by the operation of ignorance in people who have chosen to use them without knowing what they meant. It is true that this is to a certain extent one of the necessary consequences of the spread of literary education ; nevertheless, an exhortation to modesty and caution in this respect is not a little needed, especially by those who take upon themselves the responsible office of public monitors and teachers. The profound

scholar (for instance) who wrote *etceteræ* the other day in a newspaper, as an improvement upon *etceteras*, may be usefully reminded that his knowledge of the plural of *musa* has for once been too much for him. Not that professed "literary men" are the sole offenders ; everybody who can read now comes forward as a reformer. Thus, some philological iron-monger, having discovered that *chandelier* is derived from *chandelle*, and holding himself fully qualified by education and position to take charge of the English language, has determined that the word is inapplicable where *gas* is used, and triumphantly imposes on us the new word *gasalier*, forgetting that he has retained half of the candle in the second syllable. Another man offers to supply the world with *gas apparatus*. The word *oc-toroon* (framed, we presume, in America) presents the same blunder as the *gasalier* ; the *r* in *quadroon* belongs to the root significant of *four*, and *octoon* would have been a more proper form, according to analogy. But enough of these ; it is needless (as Dr. Johnson expresses it in the Preface to *Cymbeline*) "to waste criticism on unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

A few words of special remonstrance might also be usefully addressed to two classes of authors,—the writers of fiction and the writers of history ; no satire is intended in placing them together. The gentlemen and ladies of the former class must now indulge in egotizing prefaces, giving narratives of the circumstances under which their works were composed, and the considerations which led them to conduct the fable in this manner rather than in that ; or making statements with all the formal accuracy of the specification of a patent, of the precise points in which the author claims the merits of originality. This practice, like some of the former ones, is not altogether new, but it is disagreeably on the increase.* Thus, such a one will tell the reader, by way of enhancing the likelihood of his tale, that he had at first thought of making Lady Arabella marry Sir Reginald, but had afterward determined on

* The example of Sir Walter Scott must not be cited in justification of these offences against good taste. His prefaces (it should be remembered) did not accompany his novels when they originally came out ; they are only literary gossip addressed to a public whom he assumed to be familiar with the books themselves. It is true that he forgot the case of future generations of readers.

giving her to Walter, in order to enable him to introduce the death-scene, which he happened to have by him out of another manuscript (for which he is unable just at present to find a publisher); or that it may be interesting to know that down to last Tuesday he had absolutely not determined whether the will should prove a forgery or not. He will add, perhaps, that this tale is in some respects a new experiment in fiction; there being, so far as he is aware, no previous instance of a story in which a young man is represented as falling in love with two middle-aged ladies at once, and a middle-aged man with two young ladies at once. The same materials in other combinations may, no doubt, have been used by other writers; but of this special combination he claims the credit of being the sole inventor. Surely, it is strange that a man with any respect for his art should thus destroy half his chance of touching the affections merely for the sake of indulging in a little trumpery gossip about himself and his intellect: how can a writer hope to move the passions who deliberately destroys that state of mind which he should foster, and takes pains to remind the reader that the incidents placed before him are neither the truth, nor due to the warm and easy flow of inspiration, but are the labored product of cold calculation, the unloved progeny of a brain which feels no genial sympathy with its own creations?

To pass to the historians. Errors arising from ignorance, prejudice, or stupidity are not within our present province; but the student is now liable to be misled by a practice on the part of the teachers, which regular historical criticism does not, perhaps cannot, always deal with, and which, unless it be classed among faults of style, has some chance of escaping due reprobation altogether. We refer to the notion which authors now seem to entertain that it is necessary to make their works attractive by composing them in the style of historical novels, and introducing circumstantial details of all sorts on no better authority than their own imaginations. The historical romance is going out; but the romantic history is coming in. There are many modern historians, and those the most famous and popular, whose productions force one to ask at every turn, "How can you know that?" Yet, surely, the first requisite in a history is that it should be true; and

the writer who, for the sake of being called "picturesque," or "graphic," states one circumstance, however trivial, which he has not good reason, on sufficient historical evidence, to believe to be true, shows himself incapable of understanding the duties of his vocation. If it is once to be admitted that an author may represent anything as having actually occurred, only because his fancy pictures to him that it may have occurred, all confidence is destroyed. How is the reader to know when the author is giving him fact, and when fiction? One would have thought that the unjustifiableness of such a practice was too obvious to require demonstration; yet it is sometimes justified on the plea of necessity,—the necessity of making books "readable." This is the sort of necessity which compels grocers to sand their brown sugar. If you cannot make your history readable without inserting what is baseless, you had better try some other trade. Then it is said that everybody understands where the author is indulging fancy, and where not. But that is not the case. Readers of high literary acumen, and well acquainted with the subject, may, indeed, often guess that there would be no answer to the "How do you know that?" but the great majority of readers are in capable of judging on such questions; and, surely, it is a monstrous doctrine that, while we are reading history, we are to be perpetually on our guard to separate that which we are intended to believe from that which is only intended for our amusement. It is obvious that, without any intention to deceive, an entirely false view of events and characters may be conveyed to the reader by the artificial light thus thrown over them.

A very flagrant instance of this sort of trickery has just been perpetrated by two very notorious offenders at the expense of the present Duke of Manchester and of the public. The duke, with a due regard for the history of his family and the traditions of his house, seems to have thought it desirable that the papers collected at Kimbolton by successive members of the race of Montagu should be examined, and that such of them as are of historical interest should be prepared for publication. Family papers of this nature are the most valuable materials of history, provided they are placed before the reader in a plain, intelligible, and authen-

tic form. The gentlemen whose assistance and literary skill the Duke of Manchester has generously acknowledged in the introduction to these volumes unfortunately took a different view of their functions. Catharine of Aragon died at Kimbolton, and accordingly "Donna Catalina of the golden hair" is made to flourish in her red locks and farthingales through a volume of semi-intelligible gibberish, from the half-Moorish city of Alcalá de Henares, where she was born, to the secluded castle "eight miles from a post town and nine miles from a railway line," where she died. It is scarcely fair to the late Mr. James to say that this strange production is very inferior in point of taste and style to the worst of his once popular romances. It is simply history gone mad, and we very much regret that the Duke of Manchester's excellent intentions should have been so very injudiciously fulfilled. If "liveliness" is only to be had on such terms as these, then welcome dullness, welcome dryness, welcome an old almanac,—anything, provided one can be sure that it is what it professes to be, and that the author does not deem it any part of

his business to cook or create his facts for the sake of being picturesque.

To return to our dean: we cannot close this article better than by extracting a few lines from his general advice to his readers:—

"Be simple," he says, "be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a *well-known oblong instrument of manual industry*. . . . Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us; but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak: speak as you think."

These last words contain the key-note of the whole theme. It is affectation which is the root of almost all offences against good language and good manners. The simple and uncouth expressions of a clown are far more nearly allied to the roots of our mother tongue than the high-flown efforts of mannerists and euphemists; and people are never ridiculous as long as they are contented to remain themselves.

THE TRIPLE EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION.—The consecration of the new Bishops of Peterborough, Tasmania, and Niger, which took place on Wednesday, in Canterbury Cathedral, differed externally in no material respect from other ceremonies of the like kind. It was, however, accompanied by circumstances which were deeply suggestive, and by one in particular which marked it as an era in the history of the Anglican Church. One could not but think of the vast distances which were from that day to separate, in three different continents, the three men who knelt before the primate to receive their sacred functions. But the great event—the peculiar feature—which invested the proceedings with the most stirring interest was the presence, in lawn sleeves, of Dr. Crowther, once a poor African slave-boy, but now the brightest ornament of the African Missionary Church, and one of its bishops. His story is briefly told. When a boy he was sold as a slave, and, packed in the usual herring-like fashion, carried in a ship to America. The ship was afterward captured by British cruisers, and young Crowther was taken back, and left in charge of the missionaries at

Sierra Leone. It was soon seen that he had great abilities. He was carefully educated by his new friends, and eventually became one of their missionary agents. In 1840, he was ordained in England; since which time he has labored with great success in an extensive sphere of duty in his own country. Being the right man for the right place, the government have justly selected him for the diocese of the Niger, which, no doubt, he will fill with ability commensurate to his former success. If Wilberforce were alive now, how would not his heart rejoice to see the child of slavery thus intrusted by the Church with the highest office she can bestow on one of her members!—*London Review*, 2 July.

ACRES AND WISEACRES.—A wealthy but weak-headed barrister once remarked to Curran that "No one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre*?"

From The Edinburgh Review.

Eugénie de Guérin: Journal et Lettres publiés avec l'assentiment de sa Famille. Par G. S. Trebutien. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Paris: 1863.

It is a remarkable proof of the impression made in France by this book, that the prize given by the French Academy was awarded to it, and that it has gone through ten editions in less than two years. Perhaps it owes these distinctions, in part, to the contrast it affords to the prevailing spirit of the French nation and the present age; but its own merits are undeniable, and we have never read a more touching record of devoted piety, sisterly affection, and love "strong as death." Eugénie de Guérin is an Antigone of France sublimed and ennobled by the Christian faith. Her Journal is the outpouring of one of the purest and most saintly minds that ever existed upon earth. The style is exquisitely beautiful, and it lingers in the memory like the dying tones of an Æolian harp, full of ineffable sweetness. Amidst the impurity which has so long flooded French literature, it is delightful to come upon the streams of thought that flowed in limpid clearness from the fountain of her mind, and to find in a young French girl a combination of piety and genius with so much felicity and force of expression that her countrymen have not scrupled to compare her style to that of Pascal himself.

Religion was with her, not a thing to be resorted to at certain times and on particular occasions, but it was part and parcel of her existence. She breathed its atmosphere, and it was the essential element of her life. She was one of those rare beings who seem to belong less to earth than to heaven, whose temperament, so to speak, is *theopathic*, and whose faith enables them to regard this world as a world of shadows and the unseen life as the only reality. To many, even of those who think deeply on religious subjects, this is a state of mind which is unattainable, perhaps hardly intelligible. The piety seems too seraphic for the wants of daily life, the armour too ethereal for the combat and struggle which are the ordinary lot of man; and they look upon it as a beautiful flower which may flourish in a cloistered solitude, but which would droop and wither in the wilderness of the world. This temperament, however, beyond all doubt, does exist, and such a journal

as that of Eugénie de Guérin will find a responsive echo in many hearts, both Protestant and Catholic; for there is in it a depth of piety which transcends mere difference of creed, and swallows up, as it were, that difference in the intensity of Christian faith and a large-hearted love of God.

No doubt there are also many to whom this ecstatic view of religion is sickly and sentimental, and who are disposed to attribute the highly-wrought expressions of pious enthusiasm to weak health, habitual solitude, and an excitable imagination. The character of Eugénie de Guérin belonged rather to the cloister than the world: and it is remarkable that in an age like the present, these journals and letters of a recluse, breathing no passion but that of the tenderest affection to God and to her brother, should have been read with extreme avidity. They owe their success to their entire moral sincerity and their great intellectual refinement. There is not a trace of cant or affectation in these pages, which indeed were never intended to be seen by any human eye but that of Maurice; and their purity of intention is equalled by a purity of style and felicity of diction so remarkable, that this unknown provincial maiden is raised by the French Academy itself to the rank of one of the best writers of the language.

Before we notice the work in detail, we will say a few words of the De Guérin family and of the brother who may, without exaggeration, be said to have absorbed the whole of Eugénie's existence. This is necessary to justify, and even render intelligible, the devotion with which she clung to him while living, and cherished his memory when dead. Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin were born at the old family château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc, near the town or village of Ardillac, and not very far from Toulouse. They were of ancient and, indeed, noble lineage, and their ancestors had fought in the Crusades. A Guérin, or Guarini, was, at the beginning of the ninth century, Count of Auvergne, and members of the family became lords of the domains of Ols in Quercy, Rinhodes in Rouergue, Apchier in Gévaudan, and Laval, Saigue, and Cayla in Languedoc. It could boast of a cardinal, who was also a troubadour at the court of Adelaide of Toulouse; and of a chancellor of France, the Bishop of Senlis, in the reign of Queen

Blanche, who animated by his example the courage of the troops at the battle of Bovines. By various intermarriages, also, it mingled its blood with some of the noblest families in France,—the Séguiers, the Dulacs, the Bernis, and the Rochefoucaulds. The château itself is situated in a solitary spot overlooking a valley shaded by woods, and with broad cornfields to the north. Eugénie says in her *Journal* that the surrounding country is “a great empty desert, or peopled almost as the earth was before man appeared on it, where one passes whole days without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but birds.” A little rivulet gurgles close under a terrace in front of the windows. The house was furnished in the simplest style; for the family was not affluent. She thus describes it:—

“Our rooms are all white, without mirrors, or a trace of luxury; the dining-room has a sideboard and chairs, with two windows that look out upon the wood at the north; the other saloon at the side has a sofa, in the centre a round table, some straw-bottomed chairs, an old arm-chair worked in tapestry, where Maurice used to sit (a sacred piece of furniture), two glass doors on the terrace, the terrace overlooking a green valley where a rivulet flows; and in the saloon a beautiful Madonna with her infant Jesus, a gift by the queen; such is our abode.”

Monsieur and Madame de Guérin had four children, of whom Eugénie was the second. She was born in 1805, five years before her youngest brother Maurice, to whom she may be said to have devoted her whole existence. The difference in their ages made her feel toward him, as she expressed it, more like a mother than a sister. The other children were a sister Marie, or Mimi, as she was called, and a brother, the eldest of the family, named Erembert. They lost their mother at a comparatively early age, when Eugénie was thirteen years old.

This was Eugénie's first sorrow, and it made a profound impression upon her mind. She was religious from her cradle, and the loss of her mother deepened her convictions and sanctified her faith. She says, in her *journal*, Dec. 31, 1839, with reference to it,—

“From being a merry and laughing girl, I became pensive and reserved; my life suddenly changed; there was a flower drooping and broken in a coffin. From that epoch dates

a development in my faith, a religious impulse, a love of God, which carried me away from all earthly things, and which left me that which sustains me now, a hope in God which early consoled me.”

Both she and Maurice were gifted with a rare intelligence. Both were born poets in the true sense of the word. Both clothed their thoughts spontaneously in verse which gushed from them like a fountain, and the prose of both was poetry. Wandering in the solitary woods hand in hand, they passed their childhood together, “like twin cherries on one stalk,” clinging to each other with inexpressible fondness; and each might say to the other,—

“For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould as mine.”

Eugénie showered upon the little Maurice the treasures of her love, and he returned it with all the warmth of his young heart. One of his teachers said to his father, “You have there a transcendent child.” From his earliest infancy, his delight—or, rather, his passion—was the contemplation of Nature. His sister says, in a few brief memoranda she drew up for a notice that was to be prefixed to an edition of his works after his death,—

“Maurice was, as a child, imaginative and a dreamer. He passed long periods of time in gazing on the horizon, under the shadow of the trees. He had a peculiar affection for an almond-tree, beneath which he used to take refuge when he felt the slightest emotion. I have seen him stand there whole hours.”

He used, as a boy, to declaim in the open air, and made a rustic pulpit of a grotto in the woods, where he preached to his sisters,—his only audience. They called it the pulpit of Chrysostom. He quitted home to attend a school at Toulouse, and at the age of thirteen he went to the Stanislaus College, in Paris, where he remained five years and brilliantly distinguished himself. During all that period he never visited his home; for Cayla was far distant and travelling was expensive. When he came back, his sister remarked in him an increase of melancholy, which was the habitual feature of his character. In a letter written in 1828, apparently in a fit of deep dejection, to the Abbé Briquet, one of the professors at the college,

he attributes this to early sorrows. He says,—

"You know my birth, it is honorable—that is all; for poverty and misfortune are hereditary in my family, and the majority of my relatives have died in trouble. I tell you this, because I believe that it may have had an influence upon my character. . . . The first years of my life were extremely sad. At the age of six I had no longer a mother. An eye-witness of the prolonged grief of my father, and often surrounded by scenes of mourning, I perhaps then contracted the habit of sadness. Living a life of retirement in the country with my family, my childhood was solitary. I never knew those games nor that noisy joy which accompany early years."

He goes on to say that he had the image of death constantly before his eyes, and his dreams were of the tomb. Clearly his mind was then in a very morbid state. He told his sister that the sentiment in which they resembled each other was melancholy,—“an affection of the soul which had been often turned into ridicule owing to its abuse, but which, when natural, ennobled the heart and became even sublime.”

At the end of 1832, at his own earnest request, Maurice was allowed to join the little society at La Chênaie, in Brittany, half Benedictine, half secular, of which the Abbé de La Mennais—that lost star in the firmament of the Roman Catholic Church—was the head. But he had not then thrown off his allegiance to the pope, nor startled the world with the publication of his “*Paroles d'un Croyant*.” Lacordaire and Montalembert were still amongst his disciples. The community consisted of the Abbé de La Mennais; Abbé Gerbet, and six or seven young men who pursued their studies chiefly with a view to a monastic life. La Chênaie was a kind of Port Royal of the nineteenth century. It stood solitary amongst boundless woods,—“an oasis,” as Maurice de Guérin called it, “amidst the steppes of Brittany.” In front of the house was a large garden, divided into two by a terrace planted with limes, and at the extremity was a chapel in which they offered up their daily devotions. In the following passage in a letter to his sister Maurice describes the famous abbé, the Pythagoras of the establishment :—

“The great man is little, frail, pale, with gray eyes, oblong head, a nose large and long,

his forehead deeply furrowed with wrinkles which descend between the eyebrows to the commencement of the nose; dressed in a complete suit of coarse gray cloth from head to foot; running about his room in a way that would tire my young limbs, and when we go out for a walk marching always at the head of us covered with a straw hat as old and worn as that of Charles de Bayne.”

Maurice stayed at La Chênaie until the society was broken up, in September, 1833, by the pressure of ecclesiastical authority. While there, he nourished his native melancholy with the tender reminiscences of an early and lost love. We know no more of the circumstances than that the name of the object of his attachment was Louise. He wrote poetry in secret, and confided the outpourings of his muse to one intimate friend, M. de Marzan, with whom he used to roam in the solitude of the woods. Of course he kept up a correspondence with Eugénie, and some of the letters have been preserved and published, as also a Journal, now well known as the “*Cahier Vert*,” in which he noted down his impressions and feelings just as they occurred. The last entry in it is the following :—

“I have travelled. I know not what movement of my destiny has carried me along the banks of a river to the sea. I have seen on the banks of that river plains where nature is puissant and gay,—royal and ancient dwellings marked with memories which keep their place in the sad legends of humanity,—numerous cities, and the ocean rumbling in the far distance. . . . The course of travel is delightful. Oh! who will set me afloat on the Nile?”

Wordsworth himself was not a more ardent admirer nor a closer observer of natural scenery than Maurice de Guérin. His love of Nature was a worship and a passion, and her ever-changing forms were to him little less than beings endowed with life:

“Still snow,” he writes, in the month of March, “torrents of rain, gusts of wind, cold. Poor Brittany! you have need of a little verdure to cheer your sombre physiognomy. Oh! cast off quick your winter cloak, and take your mantle of spring,—a tissue of leaves and flowers. When shall I see the folds of your robes floating in the air, the sport of the winds?”

Again :—

“I have paid a visit to the primroses. Each

bore its little burden of snow, and bent its head beneath the weight. Those pretty flowers, so richly colored, produced a charming effect under their white headdresses. I have seen whole tufts of them crowned with a single block of snow. All those smiling flowers thus veiled and leaning their heads toward each other were like a group of young girls surprised by a wave and sheltering themselves under a white sheet."

Describing a mist which, as it curled upward, unveiled the mountain-tops:—

"One would have believed he saw old darkness fleeing away, and God like a statuary removing with his hand the drapery which covered his work,—and the earth exposed, in all the purity of its primitive forms, to the rays of the first sun."

Again, in a different strain:—

"The winter is passing away with a smile. . . . It is another step of Time that is gained. Oh, why can it not, like the coursers of the Immortals, reach at a bound the limits of its duration?"

But he did not pass all his time in poetic reveries. He was a diligent student, and made himself master of Greek, Latin, English, and German. In a letter to his sister, written a little later, he mentions his partiality for Byron and Scott,—*le bon homme Walter Scott*,—and says he was then reading "*Faust*," which he describes as a work that "might have been written by an angel under the dictation of the Devil."

When the Abbé de La Mennais was compelled to dismiss his little band of students, they migrated to the monastic establishment of Ploërmel, which was under the direction of a brother of their former chief, himself also an abbé. Maurice quitted La Chênaie with profound regret, but said, "Although my grief is very bitter, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the watercourses, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought to sing the Lord's song, and the song of the servant of the Lord, in a strange land." At Ploërmel he was not happy; he felt oppressed by the monotony of his daily life, and revolted against the narrow strictness of the discipline. He pined for a more active sphere, and in one of his letters thus expressed himself: "I would rather run the risks of an adventurous life than allow myself to be thus strangled by rule." He

was then a warm champion of the cause of his former teacher, and speaking of his quarrel with the pope, said, "Even if the pope condemned him, is there not in heaven a court of appeal?" At this period of his life he suffered intense agony from a strange and miserable feeling of incapacity. He humbled himself to the dust under an exaggerated idea of the intellect of others, and a sense of his own inferiority. His depreciation of his own powers was absurdly wrong; but the distress he endured in consequence was indescribable. This morbid feeling increased upon him as the period drew near when, according to his own resolve, he was about to exchange the monastic solitudes of Brittany, for the bustle of the metropolis and the stern realities of active life,—La Chênaie and Ploërmel for Paris. His delicate organization, where disease was already at work, made him shrink from the rough tumults of the world; and he thought himself wholly unfit to contend for "the immortal garland," which, to use the words of Milton, "is to be won not without dust and heat." But a sense of duty nerved him for the struggle. He said, "I toil simply and solely for my father and my friends; all my forces are in them; and it is not I who work, but they who work in me."

Before, however, he started for Paris he paid a visit to his friend M. Hyppolyte de la Morvonnais, who, with his young wife and an only daughter, had a charming residence in Brittany called Le Val, on the banks of the river Arguenon, not far from St. Malo, on the coast. From the Val d'Arguenon he went to Paris, where he hired a chamber at twenty francs a month, and struggled manfully to maintain himself by writing essays for the newspapers, and afterward by giving instruction as a tutor to young men attending or preparing for the university. He was at first astonished to find his articles accepted. With unaffected humility he speaks of them in language which, now that his genius is recognized, can hardly be read without a smile:—

"I write boldly," he says, "a quantity of articles, which are received, I know not by what miracle, in a little newspaper. I know not, in truth, which I ought most to wonder at, the excess of goodness in men who accept such poor essays, or my incredible assurance in launching such stupidities into the world."

But in the mean time, his intercourse with the Abbé de La Mennais had borne its natural fruit, and he had become unsettled in his faith, even if he was not quite an unbeliever. This caused great distress to his sister Eugénie, who perhaps exaggerated the extent of the mischief. At all events, she feared that her brother had ceased to pray, and her Journal at this period contains several allusions to the subject. On the 4th of August, 1835, she writes,—

“O my friend, if you knew how the soul in affliction finds sweet consolation in God! what force it derives from the divine power!”

And on the 26th of January, 1838, when he had returned to Paris, after paying a short visit to home:—

“Maurice, my dear Maurice, oh, what need I have of you and God! Therefore, in taking leave of you, I went to church, where one can pray and weep at ease. What do you do—you who do not pray—when you are sad, when you have your heart broken? For myself, I feel that I have need of superhuman consolation,—that I must have God for my friend, when that which I love causes me to suffer.”

This was until the latter end of her brother's life the one drop of bitterness in her cup of joy as regarded him. No pride in his intellectual powers, no conviction, comforting as it was, that in the midst of temptation his morals were pure, could make her forget that he had ceased to be a follower of the cross. Her passionate prayer to Heaven was that he might return like a wandering sheep to the fold of his Saviour, and be a partaker in the glorious hope of a blessed immortality, which was the support and consolation of her life. And her prayers, as we shall see in the sequel, were not in vain.

During his residence in Paris, Maurice met with Caroline de Gervais, a young lady who was born at Calcutta, and had only lately come to France, having lost her father. An attachment sprung up between them, and she became his affianced bride. Eugénie calls her “a charming Eve come from the Orient for a paradise of a few days.” But in the mean time seeds of consumption had already been sown in his delicate frame, and the state of his health caused serious alarm to his affectionate family, and above all to his devoted sister. Her letters addressed to him

have by some mischance been lost; but she was in the habit of keeping a private Journal for his eye alone. In this she noted down her thoughts as they occurred, and the little occurrences of her daily life, in the pious hope that, as he from time to time perused it, he might, though absent, be as it were present amongst them, and might feel himself surrounded in the midst of the dangers of Paris and the world by the sweet and holy influences of home. She did this at his especial request, and no more welcome packet ever reached him than that which contained his sister's diary. It is to this Journal that we purpose to introduce our readers. She, however, little thought that it would meet the public eye. In one of the entries, dated 24th August, 1835, she says, “*This is not for the public; it belongs to my inmost feelings, to my soul; it is for ONE.*” It was written on separate paper-books, or *cahiers*, as she calls them, for the convenience of transmission to her brother by the post, and some of them are unfortunately lost. Of those which remain the first is dated Cayla, the 15th of November, 1834.

Before his marriage took place, Maurice, after five years' absence, returned home, and spent six happy months at Cayla. Speaking of this period, his sister says,—

“Those six months with us, when he was ill, and so much beloved, had again strongly attached him to this place. Five years without seeing us had made him perhaps a little lose sight of our tenderness; but having found it again, he had returned it with all his own; he had so completely renewed all his relations with the family that when he left us death alone could have broken them. He had so assured me. His errors were past; his illusions of heart had vanished; from a feeling of need, and by his primitive tastes, he embraced sentiments of a good kind. I knew all. I followed his steps; from the fiery circle of the passions (very brief for him) I have seen him pass into that of the Christian life. Beautiful soul! soul of Maurice! God had withdrawn it from the world to shelter it in heaven.”

It was so arranged that Eugénie should accompany the rest of the family to Paris, and be present at the marriage. This was a great event in her life; for she had never before undertaken so long a journey. A visit to the neighboring towns of Gaillac or Alby had been the utmost limit of her wanderings.

But although her diffidence in herself made her fancy that she was unfitted for society, we are assured that in the capital of France, her conversation made a deep impression upon those who met her; and owing to her tact and the native grace and dignity of her manner, she was in reality as much at home in the glittering *salons* of Paris as in the quiet and rustic retirement of Le Cayla. She was, however, little known, and it was not till long after her death that her name reached the ears of those who would most cordially have welcomed and received her.

Maurice returned to Le Cayla on the 8th July, 1839; but his disease had already made great progress, and he was within sight of the bourne of rest which he had so ardently longed for. Ten days afterward his sister notes in her Journal the end of his melancholy existence. He was buried in the cemetery at Ardillac, and it is a curious trait of the state of feeling in France at this time, even before the Revolution of 1848 had inaugurated the reign of Liberty and Equality, that when the De Guérin family placed a stone crucifix in the churchyard to mark the resting-place of their beloved Maurice, there was a strong opposition on the part of the peasantry, who thought it a violation of the equality of death. It even became necessary to guard the tomb during the night to prevent its spoliation. Eugénie says in her Journal:—

“Poor sovereign people! This is what we must suffer from it; this is the fruit of their knowledge. In times past all would have crossed themselves before that crucifix which to-day they talk of throwing down in the enlightened times in which we live. Unhappy times, when respect for holy things is lost, when the lowest pride themselves in revolting against the mournful elevation of a tomb!”

As Eugénie had devoted the chief part of her existence to her brother while he lived, so she now consecrated the remainder of her days almost exclusively to his memory. It cannot be denied that there was something morbid in this. She hugged her sorrow to her heart, and, like Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted. But she mourned not as those who have no hope. Across the dark cloud of her sorrow there darted a ray of light, and that was the ineffable comfort she found in the conviction that Maurice had died a sincere Christian.

And she knew that his life had been in a singular degree innocent and pure; so that she might say of him what was said by Cowley on the death of his friend Hervey:—

“He, like the stars to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.”

Her great anxiety was that his manuscripts should be published, in order that the world might know his worth, and estimate the treasure it had lost. A eulogistic notice of her brother from the pen of Madame Sand, appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the 15th of May, 1840. This first brought Maurice's name before the public, and it contained a sort of prose poem called “Centaur,” which was found amongst his papers. The idea of the subject, as well as of another short piece called “Bacchante,” included in the recent edition of his works, was formed in the course of several visits he paid to the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre, in company with M. Trebutien, a distinguished antiquary, and Conservator of the Library at Caen, who is also the friend who has devoted himself with affectionate zeal to the task of publishing the remains of both brother and sister,—“his mission,” as he calls it, “here below.” The “Centaur” is supposed to relate to Melampus the story of his birth and early life in the dark caverns of the mountains. We will quote the concluding passage by way of specimen of the style:—

“For myself, O Melampus, I decline into old age tranquil as the setting of the constellations. I preserve still sufficient daring to scale the lofty top of the rocks, where I linger, engaged either in watching the wild and restless clouds, or in viewing the watery Hyades, the Pleiades, or the great Orion come up from the horizon. But I am conscious that I am sinking, and fail rapidly, like a snowflake floating on the waters, and that soon I shall pass away to mingle with the rivers that flow on the vast bosom of the earth.”

Unforeseen difficulties occurred to prevent the publication in a collected form of what Maurice had written. Eugénie was profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of publication, and confided entirely to others the fulfilment of the wish which was now dearest to her heart. But she occupied herself diligently in gathering manuscripts and letters, adding, as it were, stone to stone for the cairn which was to be raised to her brother's

memory. And in the mean time, with a broken heart, at different intervals she continued her Journal, and still addressed it to him with the touching inscription :—

"Still to him, to Maurice dead ; to Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. Oh ! how sweet and full of affection is the name of brother ! Friday, 19 July, at 11 1-2 o'clock. Eternal date !"

At last the book appeared.* It was published at the end of 1860, and has already passed through several editions. It was preceded by a biographical and critical notice written by M. Sainte-Beuve, one of the first of French critics. He calls the Centaure "a magnificent and singular composition,—a colossal fragment of antique marble," and speaks of "the youth of a select school, a scattered generation of admirers, who repeated to each other the name of Guérin, who rallied round that young memory, honored it in secret with rapture, and looked forward to the moment when the complete work would be delivered to them, and when the whole soul would be discovered to them." This strain of eulogy appears to us to be extremely exaggerated ; but the romantic narrative of the lives of these young persons has excited an unusual interest in their literary efforts. The same writer also speaks of Eugénie as "his equal, if not his superior, in talent and in soul." She did not live to see the wish of her heart gratified by the publication of her brother's works ; for on the 13th of May, 1848, she herself died, and rejoined him in heaven. She lived after her brother's death very much the life of a religious recluse, devoted to works of charity in the neighborhood. Her father survived her only six months, and Erembert died two years afterwards, leaving a widow and one daughter. Caroline returned to India, and marrying again, died young ; and now of the whole family there remain, we believe, only Madlle. Marie de Guérin and the daughter of Erembert, who still inhabit the old château of Le Cayla.

We will now proceed to quote some extracts from the Journal, taken almost at random, conscious as we are how difficult it is to choose where all is so beautiful, and con-

* The work was entitled "Maurice de Guérin. Reliquie," 2 vols. in 16." The new edition is entitled "Maurice de Guérin. Journal, Lettres et Poemes."

scious also, alas ! how much of their beauty will be lost in translation. Almost the whole of them were written by Eugénie in her solitary *chambrette* at Cayla, very often while the nightingale was pouring out its song beneath her window, and the glorious canopy of a southern sky was studded with stars before her view. It was there that she most loved to be—"an anchorite," as she expressed it, "in her cell." "Like the dove," she said, "I love to return every evening to my rest ; I covet no other place :"—

"Je n'aime que les fleurs que nos ruisseaux arrosent,
Que les prés dont mes pas ont foulé le gazon ;
Je n'aime que les bois où nos oiseaux se posent,
Mon ciel de tous les jours et son même horizon."

Nothing could be more simple or more uneventful than her daily life. In her little room with her distaff by her side, she spun and read, and thought and wrote ; now caressing a pet pigeon, or linnet, or goldfinch,—now putting aside her Journal or her work to kneel down and pray,—now rising like Eve, "on hospitable thoughts intent," to descend into the kitchen and preside over the mysteries of the oven, or to go out and carry alms to some poor cripple in the village.

She describes her favorite room thus :—

"The air this morning is mild, the birds sing as in spring, and a little sun pays a visit to my chamber. I love it thus, and am as much pleased with it as with the most beautiful place in the world, as lonely as it is. The reason is that I make of it what I please,—a saloon, a church, an academy. I am there, when I like, in company with Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Fénelon : a crowd of men of genius surrounds me ; anon there are saints."

On the chimney-piece was an image of the Virgin, above that a print of Christ, above that again a portrait of Saint Theresa, and, surmounting all, a picture of the Annunciation ; "so that," she says, "the eye follows a celestial line as it gazes and travels upward. It is a ladder which leads to heaven."

Under the date 18th November, 1834, she writes :—

"I am furious against the gray cat. That naughty animal has just carried off a little frozen pigeon which I was warming at the corner of the fire. It began to revive, poor creature ! I wished to tame it ; it would have loved me ; and all that crunched by a

cat! What mishaps in life! This event, and all those of to-day, have passed in the kitchen; it is there that I stay all the morning and part of the evening since I have been without Mimi. It is necessary to superintend the cook, and papa sometimes comes down, and I read to him near the oven, or at the corner of the fire, some morsels of the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church. This big book astonished Pierril [a servant lad]. 'What a lot of words are in it!' he said, in his patois. He is a droll creature. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal, and, afterwards, what a philosopher was. We discussed grand questions, as you see. Upon my answering that it was a person of wisdom and knowledge, he remarked, 'Then, mademoiselle, you are a philosopher.' This was said with an air of naïveté and sincerity which might have flattered Socrates, but which made me laugh so that all my seriousness as a catechist was put to flight for the evening. There he is, with his little pig searching for truffles. If he comes this way, I will go and join him, and ask him if he still finds me with the air of a philosopher.

"With whom would you believe I have been this morning at the corner of the kitchen fire? With Plato. I hardly ventured to say so, but my eyes lighted upon him and I wished to make his acquaintance. I am only at the first pages. He seems to me admirable, this Plato; but I think it a singular idea of his to place health before beauty in the catalogue of blessings which God has given us. If he had consulted a woman, Plato would not have written that; do you think he would? I think not; and yet, remembering that I am a 'philosopher,' I am a little of his opinion. . . . When I was a child I should have wished to be pretty. I dreamed only of beauty, because, I said to myself, mamma would have loved me more. Thank God! that childishness is past, and I desire no other beauty than that of the soul. Perhaps even in that respect I am a child, as heretofore. I should like to resemble the angels."

"24th April, 1835.—I know not why it has become necessary for me to write, if it were only two words. To write is my sign of life, as it is of the fountains to flow. I would not say it to others; it would appear folly. Who knows what this outpouring of my soul is,—this unfolding itself before God and before some one? I say some one; for it seems to me that you are here, and that this paper is you. God, methinks, hears me: he even answers me in a way which the soul understands, and which one cannot express. When I am alone, seated here, or on my knees before my crucifix, I fancy myself Mary, listening tranquilly to the words of Jesus."

There is one passage, twice repeated, in which, after quoting an extract from the works of Leibnitz, where he speaks of "a pious, grave, and discreet confessor, as a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls," she bursts out into a strain of fervent rapture on the subject, in language which, however exaggerated, shows how deep and sincere was her conviction of the benefit she derived from the Confessional. Under date 28th April, 1835, she writes,—

"The world knows not what a confessor is,—that friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light; the man who binds us and unbinds us, who gives us peace, who opens to us heaven, to whom we speak on our knees, calling him like God our Father. Faith makes him truly God and Father. When I am at his feet I see in him nothing else but Jesus listening to Magdalene, and forgiving her much because she has loved much. Confession is only an overflow of repentance in love."

We will give two or three more extracts from her Journal of the same year:—

"1 August, 1835.—This evening my turtle-dove has died; I know not from what cause, for it continued to coo up to to-day. Poor little creature! what regret it causes me! I loved it; it was white; and every morning it was the first voice I heard under my window, in winter as well as in summer. Was it mourning or joy? I know not; but its songs gave me pleasure. Now I have a pleasure the less. Thus each day we lose some enjoyment. I mean to put my dove under a rose-bush on the terrace; it seems to me that it will be well there, and that its soul (if soul there be) will repose there sweetly in that nest beneath the flowers. I have a tolerably strong belief in the souls of animals, and I should even like there to be a little paradise for the good and the gentle, like turtle-doves, dogs, and lambs. But what to do with wolves and other wicked minds? To damn them? That embarrasses me. . . ."

"24th.—How quickly it passed, my dear, the night passed in thinking of you! The day dawned when I fancied it was midnight! It was, however, three o'clock, and I had seen many stars pass; for from my table I see the sky, and from time to time I regard it and consult it, and it seems that an angel dictates to me. From what source except from on high can there occur to me so many ideas, tender, elevated, sweet, true, and pure, with which my heart is filled when I commune with you? Yes, God gives them to me, and I send them to you."

When her brother's friend, Hyppolyte de la Morvonnais, had lost his wife, a correspondence was kept up between him and Eugénie, and he thanked her in one of his letters for her "ineffably tender" thoughts. Upon this, she says in her *Journal*, 27th August, 1835:—

"... I feel my own aridity, but I feel also that God, when he pleases, makes an ocean flow over this bed of sand. It is thus with so many simple souls from which proceed admirable things, because they are in direct relation with God, without science and without pride. So I lose my taste for books; I say to myself, 'What can they teach me which I shall not know one day in heaven? Let God be my master and my study!' I do thus, and I find myself benefited by it. I read little; I go out little; I bury myself in my own thoughts. There many things are said and felt and happen. Oh! if you saw them! but what good is it to show them? God alone can penetrate the sanctuary of the soul. Mine to-day abounds in prayer and poetry. It is a wonder to me how those two fountains flow together in me and in others."

Her mind was too sensitive and her feelings were too finely strung for her own happiness. Not quarrelling with the tastes of others, she herself cared nothing for the gayeties of life, and a certain degree of restlessness and dissatisfaction is visible both in her *Journal* and her *Correspondence*. Indeed, she more than once complains of *ennui* as her besetting enemy; but her sure refuge was religion, and she was rewarded by the gift of that peace which passeth all understanding. Thus we find her saying, in an entry dated 20th March, 1836,—

"To-day, and for a tolerably long time, I have felt calm, with peace of head and heart, a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open; how calm it is! all the little sounds from without reach me; I love that of the rivulet. Adieu! I hear at this moment a church-clock and a house-clock that answers to it. This striking of hours in the distance and in the hall assumes in the night something of a mysterious character. I think of the Trappists, who awake to pray; of the sick, who count in suffering all their hours; of the afflicted, who weep; of the dead, who sleep frozen in their bed. Oh! how the night makes serious thoughts occur! I do not believe that the wicked, the impious, the unbeliever, are as perverse in the night as in the day. A gentleman who doubts many things has often said to me that

at night he always believed in hell. The reason apparently is that in the daytime external objects dissipate our thoughts and distract our soul from truth. But what am I going to say? I had to speak of such sweet things. I have received your ribbon this evening, the net, the little box with the beautiful pen and the pretty little billet. All this I have touched, tried, examined, and put to my heart. A thousand thanks!"

We will now quote two or three passages which exhibit her in different moods:—

"5 Dec., 1834.—Papa is gone this morning to Gaillae, and here we are, Mimi and I, sole *châtelaines* and absolute mistresses. This regency is not amiss, and pleases me well enough for a day, but not longer. Long reigns are wearisome. It is enough for me to rule over Trilby [a favorite dog], and get her to come to me when I call her, or when I ask her to give me a paw. . . ."

"9 Dec., 1834.—I have just been warming myself at all the fireplaces in the hamlet. It is a round which I make from time to time with Mimi, and which has its *agrémens*. To-day it was a visit to the sick; so we talked of remedies and drinks,—'Take this, do that;' and we are listened to with as much attention as any doctor. We prescribed for a little child who was ill from walking bare-footed—to wear wooden shoes; for his brother who was lying flat with a bad headache,—to put a pillow under his head; that has relieved him, but it will not cure him, I fancy. . . ."

"19 May, 1835.—Here I am at the window listening to a choir of nightingales which sing in the Moulinasse wood in a ravishing style. Oh, what a beautiful scene! Oh, what a beautiful concert! which I leave in order to carry alms to poor lame Annette."

"11 March, 1836.—I have great joy in my heart to-day; Evan [her other brother] is gone to confess. I hope much from this confession with our gentle curé, who knows how to speak so well of the compassion of God. It is, besides, papa's birthday."

"1 May, 1837.—. . . You are right in saying that I employ a little artifice to conceal my *Journal*. I have, however, read some of it to papa, but not all. My good father would, perhaps, be somewhat concerned at what I say, and at what now and then occurs to me in my soul. An air of sorrow would seem to him a real distress. Let us hide from him these little clouds; it is not good that he should see them, and know anything else of me except the calm and serene side. A daughter ought to be so sweet and gentle to her father! We ought to be to them almost what the angels are to God. Between brothers and sisters the case is different; there is less restraint and more

abandon. To you, then, the course of my life and of my heart, just as it comes."

"9 May, 1837.—A day passed in hanging out linen to dry leaves little to say. It is, however, pretty enough to stretch white linen on the grass, or to see it floating on ropes. One is, on those occasions, if so pleased, the Nausicaa of Homer, or one of those princesses in the Bible who washed the tunics of their brothers."

"29 May, 1837.—Life is like a road bordered with flowers, trees, bushes, herbs, a thousand things which would fix without end the eye of the traveller; but he passes on. Oh! yes, let us pass on without lingering too much on what one sees on earth, where everything fades and dies. Let us look on high; let us fix our eyes on the skies and the stars; let us pass from them to the heavens which will not pass away. The contemplation of Nature leads there; from objects of sense the soul mounts to the regions of faith, and sees the creation from on high; and the world appears then quite different."

"14th Feb., 1838.—If I had a child to bring up, how gently and gayly would I do it, with all the care that one bestows on a delicate little flower! Afterwards, I would speak to it of the good God in words of love; I would tell it that he loves it better than I do; that he gives me all that I give it, and, besides, the air, the sun, the flowers; that he has made the sky and so many beautiful stars. Those stars, I remember how they gave me a beautiful idea of God, as I often rose, when I was put to bed, to gaze upon them through the little window at the foot of my bed."

At times Eugénie felt an almost irresistible longing to enter a convent, but was deterred by the thought of her home duties, and also by the clinging love she bore to her father and all her family. Her good sense and acute judgment were hardly less remarkable than her piety. After expressing how much she enjoyed reading the lives of hermits and recluses,—“at least, such as are not inimicable; as to the others, one admires them like the pyramids,”—she goes on to say, —

“In spite of this, for many persons the ‘Lives of the Saints’ seems to me a dangerous book. I would not recommend them to a young girl, nor even to others who are not young. The reading has such an effect on the heart, which thus loses itself sometimes, even for God. . . . How one ought to watch over a young woman!—over her books, her correspondence, her companions, her devotion, everything which demands the tender attention of a mother. If I had had mine, I remember

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things which I did at fourteen years of age, which she would not have allowed me to do. . . . So Francois de Sales once said to some nuns who begged him to allow them to go barefoot, ‘Change your brains, and keep your shoes.’”

Like her brother Maurice, she was an accurate and imaginative observer of external nature, and very prettily could she describe the objects that caught her attention. Thus:—

“I love the snow: that white aspect has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I perceive only the traces of roads and the feet of little birds. However softly they alight, they leave their little tracks, which make a thousand figures in the snow. It is pretty to see those small red claws, like pencils of coral, that make the drawings.”

Or, when writing in the wooded country of the Nivernois,—

“It is in the sweet air of May, as the sun rises on a day radiant and fragrant, that pen travels over the paper. It does one good to rove in this enchanting scenery amongst flowers and birds and verdure, under the ample blue sky of the Nivernois. I like much its graceful goblet shape, and those little white clouds here and there, like cushions of cotton hanging to give repose to the eye in that immensity.”

We know not whether Eugénie was ever in love; but she alludes to the early death of a cousin Victor in a way that makes it probable that she cherished for him a tenderer feeling than that of friendship. She certainly had no prejudice against marriage, and in one passage shows that she had formed visions of “love in a cottage” for herself, which were not destined to be realized. On the 9th of February, 1838, she writes, half seriously and half in jest,—

“I have never dreamed of grandeur or of fortune, but how often of a small house away from a town, very clean, with its wooden furniture, its bright earthenware, its lattice-work at the entrance, some chickens, and myself there with—I know not whom; for I should not fancy a peasant like one of ours, who are boorish, and beat their wives!”

After her brother's death she—as we have mentioned—continued her Journal, and still addressed it to him, or sometimes to one of his surviving friends, a M. d'Aureville, whom she calls her “brother by adoption.” The tone of it now becomes inexpressibly mourn-

ful, although the thoughts are as beautiful as ever.

It begins with the date 21st of July, 1839 :—

"No, my beloved one, death shall not separate us ; it shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death separates only the body ; the soul, in place of being there, is in heaven, and this change of dwelling takes away nothing from its affections. O my friend Maurice, Maurice, are you far from me ? Do you hear me ? What are those regions where you now are ? What is God, so beautiful, so good, who makes you happy by his ineffable presence, unveiling for you eternity ? You see what I wait for ; you possess what I hope for ; you know what I believe. Mysteries of the other world, how profound you are, how terrible you are, but how sweet you sometimes are ! yes, very sweet, when I think that heaven is the place of happiness. . . . All my life will be a life of mourning, with a widowed heart, without intimate union. I love Marie and my surviving brother much ; but it is not with *our* sympathy."

On the 17th of August, 1839, she writes,—

"Began to read the '*Saints desirs de la Mort*,' a book much to my taste. My soul lives in a coffin. Oh ! yes, entombed, sepulchred in thee, my friend ; just as I lived in thy life I am dead in thy death,—dead to all happiness, to all hope here below. I had placed all in thee, like a mother on her son ; I was less of a sister than a mother."

She expresses the same idea in some unpublished verses addressed to her brother, which we have seen, and in which, alluding to the death of her mother, the following lines occur :—

"Elle me dit : 'A ton amour,
Ma fille, je confie un frère ;
Dans les soins d'une sœur qu'il retrouve sa mère,'—
Et je devins ta mère dès ce jour."

We are glad to learn that M. Trebutien has been able to collect a sufficient number of Eugénie's letters to justify their appearance in a separate volume, which will shortly

be published, together with a few fragments of other parts of her Journal which have not yet appeared. But he has been unable to recover the two missing *cahiers* which she wrote, and which probably no longer exist. M. Trebutien has kindly favored us with a sight of part of his forthcoming publication and we will give a last extract from it.

The following is from a letter written to a sick friend in Paris, the date of which is May 5, 1838 :—

"I resume my pen to the song of the nightingale which is singing beneath my window. It is delightful to hear it, and write, as it were, under its dictation. Sweet musician ! I wish it were in your room at Paris ; it would give you pleasures ; but these bards of solitude do not like to leave us. Besides, we, hermits that we are, require our concerts ; God does not wish that we should be without pleasures. The fields are full of them : flowers, verdure, beautiful plants at every step, birds everywhere ; and then the air,—the embalmed air. What a charm there is in a walk—and to wander like the partridges ! Yesterday we went to see the invalid, a poor man, one of our friends, who was suddenly seized with a brain-stroke. It was distressing to hear him delirious, and to hear his poor wife and little children who wept. Ah ! my God, it was heart-rending ; but there is a way to comfort these poor people. It is to speak to them of God, who afflicts in this world to render happy in the next. . . ."

Our chief object in making these selections has been to bring under the notice of our readers the character and writings of a person of whom perhaps not many of them have heard, but with whom those who share her sentiments may wish to become better acquainted. We have no doubt that the new volume will be received with the same interest that has been shown in the case of Eugénie's other writings, and that it will disclose more of the same beauty of style, purity of thought, and fervor of religion, which are her characteristics and her charm.

From The Examiner.

Strathcairn. By Charles Allston Collins, Author of "A Cruise upon Wheels." In two Volumes. Low, Son, and Marston.

THIS tale is a romance of August holiday adventure that arose from the renting of a month's shooting upon a well-stocked Highland moor. As a story it is well invented and well told. The interest is strong; the incidents and several of the characters are unhackneyed, and though vividly romantic, possible enough to take their place in a picture of easy every-day life with a cheery English shooting party on a Scottish moor. At the same time all is told smoothly and pleasantly, without superfluous words or incidents; the narrative is graceful, carefully-written English, the dialogue lively with character, and the author's wit never unequal to the occasion, whether it be the comic or the pathetic side of his tale that he turns towards us. There is no secret and there is no crime in the book. Under the autumn sky there is acted out an interesting story, of which it is understood from the beginning that it can end only with a wail of wintry wind, and the fall of the dead leaf from its bough. And yet there is no false sentiment of melancholy. The book ends with a healthy faith in Time—strong, patient, merciful Time—and his sister Hope.

The exceptional condition that is the main-spring of romance in this story of "Strathcairn" is not crime, but insanity. The Earl of Strathcairn is mad, as men are mad outside the lunatic asylums; odd on some point, unreasonable, and perhaps a little dangerous. The earl's eccentricity takes chiefly the form of extreme parsimony. He lived at Strathcairn Castle, a widower with an only child, a daughter full of beauty and of a fresh and pure simplicity, who had been there immured with him and her old nurse, ignorant of the world and perhaps—but who could tell?—incapable of knowing it or living in it. By all her humble neighbors she was known affectionately as the Lily of Strathcairn. The earl's parsimony caused the game to increase on his moor. It was the best in Scotland, and of course he was glad to take the good price it would fetch him in the shooting season. For a certain August this Castle of Strathcairn and its shooting had been taken by Sir John Balmain, who with his party of friends set off thither in the true holiday spirit.

"I have said that our party was divided and that we filled two carriages; but in reality it was almost as if we were all together. We changed about, we got down whenever there was a few minutes' pause, and talked at each other's windows; nay, we did more than this, for in the course of the morning and before we reached York, where we were to have a late lunch or an early dinner, whichever we chose to consider it, we in the carriage in which I occupied a seat were suddenly startled by the apparition at one of the windows of a piece of folded paper fastened with string to the end of a long stick. The paper contained a wretchedly bad riddle, suggested, I think, by the name of one of the stations we had just passed, but bad as it was it made us laugh, and a means of communication between the two carriages having now been hit upon, an incessant fire of riddles and answers and all sorts of jokes (except good ones) was kept up between the two carriages.

"At York we found out that we were all very hungry, and made a capital meal, though, as we were too much hurried to finish it, we were obliged to buy all sorts of eatables for subsequent consumption on the road. Then, of course, the string and the stick—two joints of a fishing-rod I think it was composed of—were wanted in order that the occupants of the two carriages might exchange their delicacies; in short, we indulged in a thousand mad follies, and there was not one of us sufficiently steady even to read the newspaper, except, by the by, Mrs. Crawford, who, with a fixed smile of the most complacent kind, and enjoying thoroughly all that was going on around her, managed to knit incessantly all through the day."

The castle had been taken on condition that a particular turret should be reserved for the earl's daughter, Lady Helen, who would live retired there with a nurse and an old servant during her father's absence. The old servant, as it turned out at last, and as the reader sees from the first, was the earl himself, fabled to be abroad, who chose to remain in the turret, save his money, and keep watch and ward over the property. Two of the English party in the castle were Mr. Beaumont, the literary gentleman who tells the tale, and a noble young soldier, Captain Gordon. There is among the holiday-makers curiosity about the secluded Lily, but meanwhile the poor child fastens upon Captain Gordon, a gallant, honorable man, who, imperfect as her nature seems to be, cannot resist the fascination of her innocence and

beauty. At last he has this to confide to his friend Beaumont:—

"I will tell you about it. One day, not long after our first coming here, I went out to try the fishing. You were all of you gone to the hill to shoot, and I was entirely alone. I walked through the thick plantation which, as you know, lies just outside the walls of the castle gardens, and which, as you also know, is of considerable extent. As I passed along the narrow path I thought that I heard a sort of rustling sound beside me, and stopping to listen, I found that it stopped too; yet when I moved on again I still heard it. It fidgeted me, for I could not make it out, though I could not help supposing that it must be some dog which had followed me from the house without my observing it. I saw a little in front of me a spot where the wood was a degree less thick than in other places, and I thought it possible that there I might be able to obtain some solution of this little puzzle. So, as soon as I reached this particular spot, I turned round as sharply as I possibly could, and without the very slightest warning. In one moment I found myself face to face with the strangest loveliness I had ever beheld. You have seen this creature," he added; "so I need not attempt to describe her to you. But you have not seen her as I did then. A little bower of trees and shrubs was round her, and from the darkness behind, her face and the white covering on her head showed in a strange kind of half light. She stood there motionless, gazing at me, and I stood and gazed at her. There was wonder and curiosity in her look, but nothing at all, it seemed to me, of shame or awkwardness. The awkwardness fell to my share, all of it, and I hardly knew what I had best do in so strange a situation. At last I determined to speak.

"I am afraid I am obstructing the path by which you wish to pass," I said, and stood aside out of the way as I spoke.

"She made no answer, and I repeated what I had just said. She answered at length, in a low voice, 'I am going with you as long as you are in my wood.'

"I did not know then, by the by, as I do now, that the fir enclosure on the west side of the Strathcairn gardens goes always by the name of Helen's Wood. I believe there is some story of the earl having made this part of the estate over to his daughter; but I don't rightly know about it. You may conceive, however, how astonished I was at this answer.

"I am afraid I ought not to be here, then," I managed to stammer out at last, 'without your permission.'

"You may come here," she said, with the

most perfect frankness, 'but not the others.'

"I was so entirely staggered by this, that for some time I did not know what to answer. At last I said,—

"But why do you make me an exception? You know me no more than the others.'

"Oh, yes, I do," was her reply. 'I have seen you continually since you have been here. Whenever you have gone out, I have watched you, and my nurse saw you, with the second sight, before you came.'

"There was no answering this at all; so I did not attempt it.

"Come and see my wood," she said, after a moment. She did not wait for any answer, but turning round, led the way back by the path along which I had just passed. I followed her, and after pursuing the pathway a certain distance, she turned aside into a very narrow and indeed almost imperceptible track, and looking round as if to beckon me on, went before me into the very thickest part of the plantation.

"As we passed along, the whole thing seemed to me to be invested with a strange unreality. The figure before me, the wood around, nay, the part that I myself was playing, all seemed unreal. I was as one acting involuntarily, and with no actual share in the transaction in which he is engaged; and so we continued for some time to thread the intricacies of the wood, no word being exchanged between us, till quite suddenly we emerged into a little open space in which there stood the very smallest chapel I had ever seen."

The earl and his daughter are Roman Catholics. In this ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Helen, there is a side for each of them right and left of the high altar, and the girl decorates all the shrines with her fresh flowers. There is a service here sometimes by a priest, Father Matthias, who makes occasional visits to Strathcairn, and who alone has influence over the earl.

When the month was expired, and the earl, appearing in the character of his own agent, had produced an astounding inventory of damages to be made good, and when Sir John and his party were all gone, there were new tenants expected. Mr. Beaumont had been acting for his friend Gordon, who was resolved to venture all for Lady Helen. There had been negotiation, therefore, through Andrews, the earl's faithful keeper, and another letting of the moor had been secured upon hard terms for Captain Gordon, whose guest

Beaumont was to be, and who wanted so little of the castle that he and Beaumont were, except in paying for their fare, to be as guests, and dine at the earl's table. They were half starved by insane stinginess, charged, as beyond the bond, sixpence a glass for all the watered wine they drank, and when they went out with their guns were carefully kept off the best game-preserves by one device or another. One day the dinner was a singed sheep's head, its tongue and brains being reserved for the next day. And this was the first experience of the mad earl's housekeeping in the way of breakfast:—

"Neither tea nor coffee appeared upon the board; there was no sign of anything in the shape of meat, no butter, no bread. In place of these luxuries three huge bowls of porridge smoked upon the table, in the middle of which, there appeared also a great piled-up dish of the inevitable oat-cake. I suppose that I must have involuntarily suffered a certain amount of dissatisfaction to show itself in my appearance; for our host went so far, after looking at me suspiciously, as to mutter something about 'the cows giving so little just then, that they could only get butter enough to supply their customers. The lad went down to the burn,' he added, 'to get some trout, too; but the water was so thick that it was useless.'

"'Maybe you'd like an egg?' asked the old sinner presently.

"I firmly believe that he knew there was not one to be had, or he never would have made the offer. However, he summoned Mr. Andrews, and bade him send the hen-wife up without delay. A great, gaunt, bony woman, with a cast in her eye, appeared in due time.

"'Wal, Phemie, how are the hens doing?'

"'They're just doing naething, my lord,' said the woman, in a deep bass voice, and looking at the two strangers while she spoke, — 'that is, next to naething.'

"'What, wont they lay?'

"'Naw. We do all we can to make them, but it's to little purpose; they're a thankless, unfruitful lot just noo.'

"'Do you mean to say, woman, that you've got no eggs at all?'

"'Nane over and above what it's needful to send into the toon.'

"'Then you can't give these gentlemen, who are not satisfied with their porritch as you and I are, an egg apiece for their breakfast?'

"'Naw, that I cannot,' was the emphatic answer, after delivering which, Mrs. Phemie stared at us more than ever.

"'That'll do,' said his lordship.

"'Aw, if your honor pleases, there's auld Maggie.'

"'Auld Maggie?' — well, what about 'auld Maggie'?"

"'Wal, it's just sax months since she's laid an egg, and I'm thinking she'll be gone barren altogether.'

"'Sax months,' you thriftless devil; and have you, that have the guardianship of the pou'try-yard, allowed my substance, in the shape of grain, to be wasted for sax months on an unprincipled beast that just gives naething in return for her keep, any more than you do yourself, you idle, extravagant hussy?'

"'I'm not extravagant any more than yourself, Strathcairn, and ye know it!' said the woman, indignantly. 'It's naething that the auld creature has received from my hands since she ceased to make herself useful, the gude-for-naething auld beastie! She's just picked up a living how she could.'

"'Yes, and picked up what the others might have had that are doing their duty. You should have twisted her neck and sold her five months ago.'

"'There's nawbody wad buy "auld Maggie" now,' remarked the woman, sulkily. 'She's awful bad, too, with the pip.'

"'Then I'll tell ye what,' retorted her master, after a moment's reflection. 'Tomorrow is the sawbath, as ye call it, ye heretical devils, so we'll just hae the beast ourselves, and make a meal befitting the day. So go your ways and make short work of her, and see that ye look more carefully after my substance for the future, or it'll be the warse for ye.'

All this while nothing was seen of the Lady of the Turret. But the next visit of Father Matthias produced a change in the earl's policy. It was on his arrival that the Lady Helen for the first time reappeared; then, too, for the first time the earl set a good dinner and good wine upon his table.

"When we two entered the room where dinner was served, I think we must both have started, so great was our surprise. In one moment we saw that the table was brilliantly lighted, that it was covered with plate, both gold and silver, that there was a stranger present, and that the head of the table was occupied by the Lily of Strathcairn.

"I believe that both Gordon and myself were entirely upset and lost in the bewilderment of this surprise. For myself I hardly knew what happened during the first two or three minutes after our entry into the room. I only know that somehow or other we got into our places, that we were presented to

the stranger, and that he was called Father Matthias. But these were small matters. The presence of the daughter of the house at the head of the table, that was the wonderful thing, that was the only thing to be thought of, nor could even that be thought of steadily at this time.

"The Lily of Strathcairn was splendidly attired. A dress of the usual dark-green color, but made of velvet of the richest and most lustrous kind, showed the fairness of her complexion and hair to such advantage as made her beauty seem almost unearthly. Gold and pearls were about her neck lying on the deep green of the velvet, and there were diamonds in her hair. The beauty and splendor of the creature were indeed wonderful to behold, and I could hardly be surprised at the infatuation of my friend, however deeply I might and did deplore it."

Father Matthias knew Gordon's father to be rich and liberal; knew that he owned several estates, of which one only was entailed. He smoothed the way, therefore, for the lovers at Strathcairn, and they were happy; she completely, he uneasily; for how would it be in the world away from Strathcairn with a wife who might be like an Undine taken from her native streams? And then, what a father! Meanwhile his own father had heard talk at the clubs of his son's infatuation for the only daughter of the mad Earl of Strathcairn, who was as mad herself, but in a different way. For his son's happiness, he felt it necessary to prevent a marriage into such a family, and wrote in generous strain to that effect to his son's friend, Beaumont. Considering the earl's character, apart from any question that might arise of difference of creed, Mr. Gordon knew that to refuse money to his son in the event of his marriage, would be to make the match impossible,—and this he did. The scene between the friends after this letter had been received and acted upon is very delicately and skilfully imagined. The lovers have come in from a ride together; Gordon is hopeful. The innocent mind seems to him to be developing; the strangeness only the result of extraordinary bringing up and unwholesome seclusion. He comes to the holder of ill news flushed with new pleasure:

"Do you know," continued Gordon, turning towards me, and clapping me on the shoulder, "I feel so happy to-day that I am inclined to approach a subject which I have been trying not to think of for some time"—

"As he spoke, there was a tapping sound

at one of the windows of the north tower, and looking up we saw the Lily of Strathcairn standing watching us as we talked.

"She smiled and nodded with a sort of childish gladness as Gordon turned round. Then she signed that we should go on with our conversation, and stood there watching us, my friend looking up from time to time to the turret-window, the very window, by the by, at which I had first caught sight of her on the morning after our arrival at the castle."

"And what," I asked, resuming our talk where it had been interrupted,—"what is the subject which you have been dreading so keenly?"

"Why, it is this," replied Gordon, looking up once more at the window: "I feel that the time has come when I must make some announcement of what is going on here to my family at home."

"Alas, the hour had come. He had run to meet his fate. Already I had decided in my own mind that he must be told of what had happened, and that the contents of his father's letter must be made known to him. But I had not had the heart yet to break the bad news. Seeing him in such spirits, and so happy, how could I tell him what I had to say? Those spirits, that happiness, were in this case the precursors of evil. Like Romeo, 'his bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne' just when the bad tidings were at hand.

"How shall I make it known to them?" asked Gordon, surprised at my silence.

"To one member of your family," I said, the words grating in my throat as I spoke,—"to your father, what is going on here is known already."

"Gordon started violently, as he heard these words, and looking past him, I observed that the poor girl at the turret-window shifted her position too, as if wondering what it could be that had moved him.

"My father knows what is going on?" cried Gordon. "Stop, that letter—you have not—but no, you couldn't."

"I have not written to your father," I answered, "if that is what you mean; but he has written to me."

"And why to you?" he cried, almost angrily. "Where is the letter?"

"It is here," I answered, and I took it from my pocket and handed it to him.

"Since this disclosure had taken place, my friend had not looked up once to the turret-window. The Lily of Strathcairn was still there, and now she made a little questioning grimace to me, as if asking what all this that was going on could mean."

The looking on of Lady Helen at that unheard conversation of her lover with his

friend, which unfolds the tragedy of her own life, is only one of many delicate artistic touches in this very clever book. It was with her own lips that the poor child was at last forced to pronounce her doom. The following extract is long, but to quote it will remove all possible doubt of the high promise of Mr. Charles Collins's genius :—

"There was no sound of footsteps outside before the door opened slowly, and the Lily of Strathcairn entered the room. The walls of the castle are thick and the doors double, and we heard no sound to tell us of her approach. Old Jeannie, who followed her young mistress, closed the door after her, and then they both stood there, not advancing into the room.

"There was something infinitely touching about this young lady's appearance, as she waited there in entire ignorance of what was coming, but with a vague fear, too, of something wrong. After one timid glance round the room at first entering it, she remained with her eyes fixed upon her father. One of her hands was in old Jeannie's, the other fidgeted nervously with her dress, and I thought that she even trembled a little. It was impossible, however, to add to her trouble by watching all her movements, so I looked away. I could *feel*, without looking, that my companion who stood by me was touched to the quick by what he saw. His breath came thick and frequent, and often in short and broken sighs, inaudible to anybody but myself. There was now a pause of some duration. It was broken at last by Lord Strathcairn.

"Helen, come here," said the earl, speaking in a tone of command, but not unkindly.

"The young lady left her nurse, and crossed the room to where her father stood. He took her hand, and looked down at her with a sort of grim affection. 'You see this gentleman,' he said, pointing to where Gordon stood.

"The Lily of Strathcairn turned round towards her lover. Their eyes met, and the old lovely smile passed over the girl's face. It was there only for a moment, though, for she could see by Gordon's expression that trouble was at hand.

"Helen," the earl went on; 'the time has arrived when you must choose between him and me.' He paused here, as if in difficulty as to how he should proceed; but presently he went on. 'I'm not speaking, Helen, as I might do, with authority and in a tone of command, and the reason why I abstain from doing so is that I know most certainly that it's not needful. You've been brought up—and I'm prepared to acknowl-

edge that it's been no difficult task—to consider your father's will as law, and to question none of his decisions. That being so, I'll not enter into the reasons which render necessary the step which I'm now taking, partly because you'd not understand them, and partly because I choose that my child should take it for granted that what her father does is right, and act upon his judgment without inquiry.'

"The earl stopped again; for what he had to say seemed to stick in his throat. He appeared to expect some answer; but there was none. The Lily of Strathcairn stood with her eyes fixed on her father, waiting with white lips for what was coming. Father Matthias had turned away from his window, and watching the young lady with eager eyes, waited also for what was to come.

"It came only too soon. 'Now, child, listen to me,' said Lord Strathcairn. 'This gentleman has been told by me already what I now tell you in his presence,—that—that you and he must part.'

"She looked up quickly in his face, then she turned as if to read in the face of her lover whether this could be true, and she even moved a few steps towards him. But Gordon had averted his head, as if unable to look on while this horror was accomplished.

"Father," she said, going back to him, and half smiling, 'you are playing with me—as you sometimes do?'

"I am in earnest," said the earl. 'Now, Helen, be what I and this holy father have sought to make you.' He spoke hastily and eagerly; for she had left him now, and supporting herself against the chimney-piece at his side, had buried her face in her hands. 'I am ashamed to see a daughter of this house with so little pride. I tell you that this thing must be—'

"But, father," said the unhappy girl, going back to him, and placing her hand in an attitude of remonstrance on his arm, 'what has he done?'

"Child, child," said the earl, angrily, 'I'm ashamed of you. I bade you ask for no reason for what I do; are you daring to rebel against me?'

"Oh no, no!" she murmured, almost inaudibly; 'but I'd like to have known'—

"Lord Strathcairn," said Gordon, unable to control himself longer, and standing boldly forward, 'this must not be. I claim it as a right that you make it known to all here present, and, above all, to HER, that I am free from blame in this matter. Oh, Helen!' he cried, arresting his own words, 'it is because I am poor that I am thrown aside like this.'

"Stop, sir," interrupted the earl. 'If you'd fain be guilty of the impious work of

seeking to persuade the daughter that the father is influenced in what he does by unworthy motives, you may spare yourself the trouble, for she'd not believe you. Once more, I say that I'll assign no reason for what I do; but simply bid you, Helen, to tell this man—what, forsooth, he'll not take from me—that you're a true daughter of the house of Strathcairn, and that now, as ever, you do the bidding of its head.'

"There was a long silence now. The unhappy daughter of this relentless man seemed fast sinking into a condition in which neither speech nor action would be possible. She had turned round when Gordon spoke, and faintly smiled upon him. Then she had dropped her head again, and so remained for several minutes, which seemed like hours. At last she made a great effort, and rousing herself from that utter prostration, spoke as I never thought to have heard her speak.

"'Yes, father,' she said, in a strangely quiet voice, 'I'll do your bidding; but then I'll die. I know what belongs to you, father, and I know, as you've always taught me, what I owe to our ancient house, and indeed I love it, and I could ill bear to leave it, or the wood, or the chapel, where I've been happy always, and my life seems mixed up with them. But oh, father! there is something else mixed up with it all as well, and that seems to confuse me, and it's brought trouble into what was without trouble before; and that's why I shall die! for there's no little bit of it that isn't changed to me now, father; and the wood itself, and the chapel, and all the country round, where before I used to ride on my white pony so happily—it's all changed, even to the look of the trees and the flowers and the sound of the birds' voices; for—for now it's all full, full of *him* that's—that's standing there, and that you bid me leave. And I'll do your bidding, father, as it's right I should; but after that I'll—I'll die, and see it all no more.'

"The convulsive sobs which broke up these last few sentences almost into detached words at length seemed to deprive this unhappy girl of all power of utterance, and blinded with tears and with head bent down, she turned away from her father and seemed to

feel her way slowly to where her nurse was waiting for her.

"There was something in those words as they were spoken by that suffering young creature that broke my heart as I listened to them. I never heard her speak so, nor knew that it was in her. Was not that sudden eloquence something more than natural, and might it not be like that fabled song which is but the precursor of death?

"Old Jeannie came forward to meet her young charge and bear her away to her rooms; but Gordon was, in a moment, between them and the door.

"'What, Helen!' he cried; 'have you no word for me? Will you give me up like this in a moment?'

"'Stand off, sir, stand off!' said the old nurse, angrily, and pushing him away with all her force. 'Are ye not satisfied yet with the mischief ye've done? Oh, sir, leave her; she can bear no more! Leave the poor babe to me that's nursed her for years, and all for this.' And she pushed her away to the door; but the Lily of Strathcairn turned round and faintly put out her hand.

"'Good-by, my love, my love,' she said, and smiled upon him as she always did whenever she looked upon his face."

There is little more to tell, and that we shall leave untold. But the book is one to be read not only for its story. Mr. Charles Collins has a grace of fancy and a ready and true sense of humor that can hardly be said to characterize the skilful intricacies of his brother's plots. Mr. Wilkie Collins seldom appears in his stories as a man whose "eyes make pictures when they are shut," and there are not many novelists of equal reputation who have written so few scenes that a painter would desire to reproduce by his own art. But in this story of "Strathcairn" there are a score of passages that, if the book were as famous as it promises that the future and yet riper work of its writer will in due time be, would tempt the painters to translate them into form and color.

From The Spectator, 23 July.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"AFTER all," said Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, to Lord Elgin, guest and viceroy elect; "I think I have done something since I saw you in London. Russia defeated, Italy revived, Paris rebuilt, the Revolution bridled,—something has been accomplished." "Your Majesty," said the polite Scotchman,—we tell the story as it was told to us; the scene was dinner at St. Cloud,— "forgets the greatest of your achievements." "Eh! what is that,—the greatest?" "Your Majesty has made of the English a military nation." There is no cautious Scot, with a pedigree derived from the Bruce, and the possibility of a sneer always visible under his geniality, to tell Herr von Bismark a truth so polite and so unpleasant; but he, if he heard the story, might take its lesson to heart. He, also, has done great things; Russia conciliated and Denmark dismembered, the Coburgs baffled and Austria bound to his chariot wheels, he, also, might boast with some show of reason in his pride, but that his very successes are accomplishing the result which of all others he most fears, forcing on the *rap-prochement* between England and France of which the reactionary powers stand in avowed and permanent dread. What is the use of the subjection of Austria, what the value even of a renewed Holy Alliance, if France and England, the great military and the great naval power of the world, with their irresistible strength and their irrepressible ideas, their revolutionary belief in principles and their shameful concessions to the subversive theory that God made the world for people other than the descendants of Henry the Fowler, are to come together again? Herr von Bismark groans in spirit, contemplates, it is said, publishing all the private correspondence about the Napoleonic Congress, and so reviving a jealousy which never altogether sleeps, a personal pride which, after all its successes, remains still jealously sensitive. The danger is a real one to Herr von Bismark; for the wisest sovereign in Europe is talking at Vichy to the most powerful, and the cardinal dogma of Leopold of Belgium is that union between England and France is the *sine qua non* of progress throughout the world. The nations fortunately have never been apart,—an English theatre rings every night with applause, as Toole suggests that "If

the English and French clocks are to remain first-rate timepieces they must strike together,"—and the two governments are recovering a momentary fit of chagrin. Earl Russell took an opportunity during the late faction fight of paying high compliments to the emperor, and now the demi-official press of Paris has orders to praise to the skies the "civilizing power" of the Anglo-French alliance. Napoleon probably cares little about Earl Russell's praises, and Englishmen certainly care nothing for leaders written to order; but great men must apologize, like little persons, and these forms do quite as well as more elaborate courtesies. The article in the *Opinion Nationale* of Saturday does better; for it assigns a distinct reason for the new attitude of France other than her desire to extend her frontier eastward, and one which suspicious Englishmen who believe that the benefit of the French alliance is all on the English side will do well to ponder. France, says the mouth-piece of Prince Napoleon, is isolated in Europe, and therefore powerless. By her institutions, her manners, her principles, and he might add her dynasty, she "is an incarnate Revolution" she never can inspire with confidence the powers whose very existence is menaced by the "radiance" (rather the power of shooting rays, the specialty of France) of her internal life. Russia dreads her for Poland, Austria for Venice, Prussia for the Rhineland; and these fears are in their very nature incurable. It is all true, and though the writer does not draw the deduction that France can find an ally only in England, but turns off the argument to puerile talk about alliance with the secondary powers, his real object and aim, like that of all the papers of France which recognize the situation, is England. Her alliance only can save France from her permanent dread, a league of the old despotisms with their vast military force to oppress, perhaps to restrain, the only great power which, not only shelters Liberal ideas,—for England and America also do that,—but will also at favorable conjunctures propagate them by the sword. Facing Italy is one thing, facing Italy with the Zouaves to ride over first is quite another, and though the documents recently published in the *Morning Post* may be all inventions—they are very odd inventions some of them,—the Holy Alliance may be at any moment a fact, and the Holy Alliance means resistance, active

or passive, at all points and in every way to France and her ideas.

On the whole, and with reservations, it is the desire and the interest of Great Britain that those ideas should advance. It is the desire, because, though this country likes neither Caesarism nor French annexations, neither the banishment of politicians to Cayenne nor absorptions like those of Nice and Savoy, it does most heartily approve the external scheme upon which those acts are blotches. Nothing in politics for the last forty years ever gave such genuine or such lasting pleasure to Englishmen as the result of the campaign of 1859,—the reinvigoration of Italy; nothing would gratify her more keenly than the completion of that great work by the evacuation of Rome. However deeply penetrated with Mr. Cobden's ideas,—and the wound is, after all, only skin deep, and will disappear with the next strong government,—she prefers, if there must be movement on the Continent, that it should be movement in the French rather than the Russian or the German direction; better Italy democratic than Austrian, Germany temporarily under a Cæsar than Germany permanently under two despots and thirty despotisms. The French system, bad as it may be, at least leaves to nations like Poland a future, at least gives to countries like Italy the possibility of material civilization. The Holy Alliance simply kills Poland, places Venetia under a government which reduces the life of the province to mere existence, and would give up Romagna to a priest who will not sanction gas as a "modern" invention, and prohibits the study of anatomy as leading to "impropriety." While there is life there must be movement, and better movement towards the ideal of Bonapartism than towards the ideal of the Hohenzollerns, towards a civilization overcentralized than towards a civilization in a military shroud; the choice may lie only between a prison and a grave; but in the latter even the power of revolt has ended. It is the interest of England because she, like France, suffers at this moment from isolation. Her only possible alliance, while America is unreasonable and Germany under a monomania, is with France, and while the two powers, which with many differences still wish well to humanity, keep apart, the powers which wish ill, which, for example, do not scruple to depopulate when depopulation is easier than

conciliation, work their will with impunity. So long as the two are separated the remonstrance of each is powerless, and as England, despite Mr. Cobden, cannot see free nations perish in silently selfish contentment, England must always be in the position of the judge who decrees justice in orders at which ruffians only laugh. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, this will end in efforts made regardless of consequences,—suppose Herr von Bismark took a Danish envoy out of an English ship!—and the peace which the two powers united can always secure would be broken by a furious, expensive, and probably universal war, waged solely because while the East was united by the strong bond of a common crime, the West could not agree that crime should have limits if not retribution. Within the last two years mere concert, without artillery, would, we firmly believe, have secured to Poland an independent life, have released Venetia, and have prevented absolutely the invasion of any Danish territory inhabited by Danes. Those objects are all good, are all earnestly desired by the people of this country, and have all been lost, without any diminution of the national burdens, any increase of the national dignity, any addition to the national alliances, or any satisfaction whatever to the national conscience. And they have been lost because it has suited Napoleon to indulge his temper in protesting against an over plain-spoken rebuff, and because it suits Lord Palmerston to believe that English interests require us to defend aggressive Germany from the possible occupation by aggressive France of a snippet of territory on the Rhine. The public is robbed in open day because each policeman thinks that if he interferes his rival may come out of the struggle with a cleaner uniform. It is time all this should end,—time that France should be able to raise a nationality without fear of England assailing her in flank,—time that England should be able to keep her promises without dread of finding herself alone against all the soldiery of the Continent. It is easy to say that renewed alliance is impossible, that France asks too much and England is too unwilling to spend; but it is easier still to find the reply in the fact that the alliance has been already a reality. From 1852 to 1862, for ten long years of progress, the two powers under the governments which still rule them, stood to-

ether, and while Germany owes her new gor to their first action, Italy owes her life to their second. England was just as jealous in 1859 as she is at this moment, and had her government yielded to aristocratic opinion, the Austrian would still be in Lombardy, the Bourbon in Naples, and France without the ally who commits her, despite herself, to the cause of the people against the ancient houses. Under the shadow of that alliance, despotism for ten years slowly withered away, and while the czar, with his *prestige* broken in the Crimea, acknowledged the need of renovation by emancipating the serfs, the kaiser granted and worked a constitution which might have made his people

masters at least of their own purses, and Prussia nearly carried reforms which would have changed Prussians from soldiers into freemen. The very first cloud on that friendship revived the dying old upas-tree, and a discord of only eight months has sufficed to extinguish one nationality, to dismember one free State, and to paralyze constitutional freedom among seventy millions of men. The consequences of another year of disunion may be irremediable, and freemen throughout the world have reason to pray that the counsels of the Nestor of Europe may find acceptance at Balmoral and Broadlands as well as in the little house at Vichy.

SHUTTING UP AND WALKING OUT.—There was a singular plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer,—“Not at home;” and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, another in another. By twelve o'clock in the day there was a vast accumulation; and at that hour the master of the house would say, “James, are all the doors shut?” “All shut, sir.” “Very well, then open the *street* door softly.” And so Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

BEAUTY UNSATISFIED.—The Emperor Alexander of Russia was present in Paris at a collection in aid of the funds of a hospital. The plate was held to his majesty by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his *bouis d'or*, he whispered, “Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes.” The girl courtesied, and presented the plate again to him. “What,” said the emperor, “more!” “Yes, sir,” said she; “I now want something for the poor.”

A WICKED SUGGESTION.—A gentleman, taking an apartment, told the landlady, “I assure you, ma'am, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears.” She answered, with a very inquiring look, “I hope it was not, sir, that you went away *without paying?*”

A NEW DISINFECTANT.—Charcoal, which has been long known for its antiseptic properties, is now ingeniously used in the form of charcoal paper, or charcoal lint. The carboniferous paper may be applied to ulcerated surfaces, to absorb, and at the same time, deodorize the liquid discharges, thus preventing the bed from being soiled. The carboniferous paper may be applied to indolent ulcers with good effect. Messrs. Maw and Sons, in London, are agents for the French inventors of this novel preparation of charcoal.

A RATIONAL OBJECTION.—Sir Edwin Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, and Sydney Smith met at a dinner-party. The canon was in one of his best humors, and so delighted was the painter that he asked him to sit for his picture; to which proposition Sydney replied, “Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?”

THE PERILS OF EMPTINESS.—A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. “No wonder,” returned the doctor; “you always go out without anything in it.”

The *London Spectator* says that the cotton that comes from Surat is so dirty, and gives out such a fetid smell, affecting the health of the operatives, and is so rotten, that no amount of it can restore the trade of Lancashire.

From The Spectator, 23 July.

HERR VON BISMARCK.

RECENT events in Germany have made at least one thing clear, that the world was mistaken in its first estimate of the powers of Herr von Bismark. When that person was first converted from a diplomatist into a premier, the majority of politicians on the Continent and almost all Englishmen thought the appointment one indicative of his master's want of judgment. It seemed so incredible that a mere country squire, known to be rash in counsel and incontinent of tongue, full of the narrowest *junker* prejudices and despised by his own countrymen, should be a successful statesman, that people ordinarily not very sanguine thought that Prussia had advanced a great step towards a successful revolution. The impression was deepened by all the acts of the new premier which attracted foreign attention. The true statecraft of kings under ordinary circumstances is to conceal strong acts under legal forms; but Herr von Bismark lost no opportunity of deriding the laws which appeared to interfere with the free prerogative. He treated the Prussian Parliament with a contempt which would have driven a people fit for freedom wild with disgust and indignation, broke through all the forms which protect deliberative order, laughed at the authority of the Commons, sneered at the chiefs of the independent parties, and told the nation flatly that if the necessary moneys were not forthcoming to carry on the king's government, the king's government would take them. He seemed indeed to deride the representatives with a persistence which suggested a deliberate policy intended to bring them into contempt, and his final announcement that the house had no authority over the ministers sitting within it was equivalent to a *coup d'état*. All Germany talked for some days of the possibility of a revolution, and the "impetuous premier" seemed to have no friend but his royal master. He had snubbed the National Verein by talking of unity as a revolutionary dream, and affronted the house of Hapsburg beyond—we were going to say—forgiveness—but kings forgive when forgiveness pays—by suggesting that they had better remove to Pesth, as the true centre of the monarchy lay eastward. The combined annoyance of "Germany," Austria, and the Prussian people seemed irresistible, and Europe ex-

pected from day to day a movement which, if it did not shake the Hohenzollerns, would at least rid Prussia of her "Brummagem Strafford."

Europe underrated the man. Much in the recent imbroglio is still obscure,—more especially the part played by Russia; but this at least is clear: Herr von Bismark had taken the measure of his own people, and of most of the courts around him, possessed under all his incontinence of speech great powers of perception, a firm will, and that scarcest of all qualifications, political audacity. His cool contempt for Parliament really diminished its authority; for it emancipated both the bureaucracy and the army from any risk of being deserted by their chiefs through dread of parliamentary censure. Englishmen, even with the example of Lord Palmerston before them, scarcely comprehend the political power of insolence, forget that Germans *expect* to be ruled by their sovereigns, and feel no more humiliated by their rebukes than sons do by the sarcasms which modern fathers substitute for reproof. Parliament made ridiculous, it became necessary first to form alliances useful for internal defence, then to divert the Prussians from dwelling on internal affairs, then to pacify Austria while still claiming the "hegemony," and finally to break the power of the National Verein. Herr von Bismark accomplished in one year all those diverse ends. The Polish revolt gave him his first opportunity, and it was eagerly seized.

The bayonets were with the czar, and the premier by arresting all refugees who trusted in the honor of Prussia, by marching an army on to the Polish frontier, by a pledge to send armed assistance, should the revolution prevail, by threatening Earl Russell that if the Treaty of Vienna were declared at an end, he would support the czar by force, earned the enduring gratitude of St. Petersburg. Here was support sure to be granted against the revolution, and then came the death of Frederick VII., and Herr von Bismark, by assuming the direction of the inevitable war, paralyzed the Verein, and compelled Austria, however unwillingly, to follow in his path. With the Prussian armies in motion the Liberal party was paralyzed: for the national object was being secured, and the little States dared not resist without full national sympathy, while Austria was

compelled either to imitate Prussia or to see her rival outstrip her in the race for German favor. The Prussians fired up as all nations fire up at the prospect of aggrandizement; the wrongs of the Parliament were condoned; the press was placed in irons without opposition, and it is doubtful still whether the loans which the government must have raised during the war will not be sanctioned perforce almost without discussion. Finally, Herr von Bismark gratified to the quick the national pride of Germany by meeting threats of foreign interference by an attitude of cool defiance. France appeared, to the public eye at least, uncertain, and England was avowedly hostile to the invasion of Denmark, but Herr von Bismark moved his troops on without attending to either. It is probable that he knew privately how little he had to fear, how difficult it was for Napoleon to break at once with the little powers of Germany and the cry of the nationalities, how strong allies Germany had in England in Mr. Gladstone and the court. But externally his attitude was one of resistance to external influence in a domestic question, an appeal to that imperial feeling which lies so close to the heart of every great nationality. Since Roshach, the Germans had never felt so keenly how great they really were. Austria and Prussia united, Denmark invaded, Napoleon silenced, Palmerston defied, Sweden bidden to retreat,—Germans felt proud of themselves and of each other; and nations pardon all to those who make them great abroad. Had James II. but maintained the foreign policy of Cromwell, the mob, at least, would never have shouted about the dispensing power. Nor can we deem the Germans altogether in the wrong. Success is not the test of statesmanship, for government requires moral qualities,—but it is of ability; and Prussians who see such results attained are right in believing that he who attains them is at least an able man. Nor, judging from their point of view, can we pronounce the premier wholly without a claim to the gratitude of those who can bear to postpone the national freedom to the national *status*. Prussia had fallen very low; the belief in the artificial character of its strength was very general, and the doubts as to its army infected the people themselves. In twelve months Herr von Bismark has vindicated her claim to be one of the first powers of Europe, has changed the depression of the army into an over-

weening confidence, has assumed in reality the leadership in Germany which his predecessors have so long claimed. He may also have prepared great misfortunes for his country; but the justice of Heaven is slow; the seizure of Silesia remains unpunished, and meanwhile no kaiser will venture again to summon the German princes to his stirrup without, at least, a cordial previous agreement with Berlin. These are great results for Prussia, enough, at least, to convince her that if she did not misjudge, she at least underrated the squire so suddenly raised to the helm. The truth would seem to be that Herr von Bismark belongs to that order of which the Napier family are the best English examples, men of the true Gascon stamp, whose boasting covers courage and not the absence of it, who talk loudly, but whose performance falls only short of their talk, who can be insolent when excited, but whose insolence is based, not upon pride, but on a conscious sense of power.

People tell us very gravely and solemnly that the influence of persons is dying, and Tennyson, with Louis Napoleon on the throne, sings how "the individual withers, and the world grows more and more;" yet look what this single man has done. He has visibly retarded the revolution, has driven back the current which was setting in all over Europe towards freedom. It is not yet two years since every country in Europe except Russia became nominally constitutional, since the resuscitation of Poland was a visible possibility, since the pope was asking an asylum in Malta, and Greece was about to strike the note of general Turkish revolt. Setting aside phrases, how stands it now? Poland is crushed to the ground, the pope is as strong as ever; the only free State of the North has disappeared; the Greek revolution has ended in a *fiasco*; the constitution has ceased in Prussia and become powerless in Austria, and three men, heads of three of those ancient royal houses which for generations have so burdened Europe, are independent masters of a million and a half of trained soldiers, of a conscription which can replace them, of the public wealth, taxes, duties, and monopolies through two-thirds of territorial Europe, and more than one-half its population. And all this has occurred simply because the Prussian Court has called to its aid a man who, devoted to reactionary ideas, has the brains to discover means which may be effectively used on their behalf, and the evil audacity to use them without dread of results. All this success is temporary, for principles never die, and nations survive statesmen; but "a time" in history involves sometimes a generation, and for "a time" Europe has no more formidable enemy than Herr von Bismark.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.
MRS. HOWARTH'S POEMS.

A VOLUME of poetry published by Willis P. Hazard, of Philadelphia, under the title, "The Wind Harp and other Poems," by Ellen Clemantine Howarth, comes to us invested with a peculiar interest. The author, whose maiden name was Doran, and who now lives in Trenton, New Jersey, was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., thirty-seven years ago. Her parents were Irish, and at the age of seven years she was placed in a factory, working in such establishments in different cities till about eighteen years of age. Marrying a laboring man, she has since then been obliged to work at chair-bottoming to aid in providing for the scanty expenses of her humble household.

When a factory girl, she studied at night-schools and devoted all the intervals of her daily labor to reading; and this has been her only education. In writing her poetry she seems to evince what, we suppose, is often commonly called the "poetic afflatus." The theme will be suggested suddenly, and she must needs sit down at once and fix the passing idea in rapid rhyme, or it is gone. After it is once down, there is no revision attempted; and the printer has the first unaltered manuscript.

In the present volume, amid some inferior strains and some pardonable repetitions of thought or expression, which might have been avoided by a competent revision, we find many verses of remarkable beauty. The poems are all short,—mere strains of delicate sentiment from a woman's heart. Many of them are tinted with the quiet—almost morbid—melancholy which so often marks the writings of those who feel their position in life is not such as to afford them scope for their finer ambitions. Of such is

AMONG THE GRAVES.

Among forgotten graves

I, too, have wandered oft at midnight hour,
But not where o'er white stones the willow waves,
Or incense floats from nightly breathing flower;
But o'er the lonely graves in mine own heart,
Where love and friendship hath been buried long,

Where names are traced by sorrow's sculpture art
That never yet were breathed in jest or song;
'Tis here, forgotten by the careless throng,
I muse among the graves.

Here lies my buried hope,
With girlhood faith torn from its fragile stem,

Alas! no resurrection day shall ope
The earthly gates of light and life to them.
Are those grim ghosts, in winding-sheet and shroud,
Which haunt at midnight hour those silent aisles,
One-half so lonely as the spirit proud
That like a spectre passes through the crowd,
And while its pale, sad face is wreathed with smiles,
Is thinking of the graves?

There is no weary heart,
It matters not how reckless it hath been,
But 'mid its desert life hath left apart
Some little spot which tears keep fresh and green,—
The memory of some little golden head
Laid on that heart to still its passions strong,
Some early love, whose tender sweetness shed
A charm that lives through sorrow, sin, and wrong,
And 'mid the loudest laugh, the wildest song,
Reminds us of the dead.

In the poem below—"My Kingdom"—we see how a lively imagination forgets, in dreams at least, the trammels of homely life, the unpoetic duties of which fall to the share of a laboring man's wife; the idea is the same as that expressed in Whittier's "Maud Müller":—

"Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls."

MY KINGDOM.

I sit alone in the gathering gloom,
And wave my sceptre, a fairy wand,
And lo! in an instant my little room
Is changed to a kingdom grand.
There are palace walls,
And stately halls,
And a crowd of kneeling subjects near:
And a royal crown on my brown hair falls;
For I am a monarch here.
I wave my wand, and the ages rise,
Like the dreams of youth, on the morning air,
And all that is beautiful, great, or wise,
Is borne to my kingdom fair;
And the wisdom page
Of the pagan sage,
And the Druid priest with his mystic lore,
And the relics of former age,
Are found on the earth once more.

I wave my wand, and the Indian isles
Have brought their treasures to deck my throne;
For I rule where eternal summer smiles,
And where winter was never known.
And the sanguine sports
Of the savage courts,
Like a panorama's page I see;
Kings, castles, and kingdoms, fields and forts,
Are called and they come to me.

I wave my wand, and a glorious band
Of warrior youths to my presence spring ;
And rich are the gifts from the Holy Land
Those mailed crusaders bring.
They are jewels rare,
That a queen might wear,
And regal robes of texture fine ;
But one gift most dear those warriors bear
From the plains of Palestine.

I wave my wand, and a thousand lyres
Wake in my halls, and the dead bards sing ;
But where is the voice that my soul inspires,
Like the voice of the poet king ?
Solemn and grand
Doth the monarch stand,
And his mournful *miserere* pour :
My tears flow fast, I have dropped my wand,
I awake, and my reign is o'er.

The very next poem in the volume is as
tender a thought for a mourning mother as
any of our poets has yet arrayed in verse :—

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary nor sad, in the home of thy birth ;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than
earth.
Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of
gold ;
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and
where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old !
I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet ; I am laden with care ;
Dark are my garments with mildew and
mould ;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old !

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee ?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free ?
So I believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold ;
Thou wilt still love me, and, pleasure sublime,
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old !

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone
are riven ;
Faith shalt behold thee, as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth and trans-
planted to heaven.
Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of
gold,

Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and
where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old !

Among other selections in this volume de-
cidedly worthy of notice are "The Aged,"
"Kyrie Eleison," "The Followers of the
Cross," "The Poets," "And Then ?" "New
Year's Valentine," "The Dying Wife,"
"Death," "The Serenade," and "Prayers
for the Dead."

We can readily imagine that these poems
of Mrs. Howarth, offered to the public in
dainty style,—in delicate binding of blue and
gold,—would find a welcome in many a home.
In some instances we would do away with com-
monplace similes—with "lutes" and "lyres"
and similar worn machinery ; but we would
not do away with the majority of these ten-
der strains,—strains which often remind one
of Adelaide Proctor or Jean Ingelow,—strains
as sadly beautiful as this :—

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

The autumn days are here,
And the trees are brown and sere,
And I hear the sighs of sadness that a girlish
bosom heaves ;
And I mark the hectic bloom,
That is brightening for the tomb,
And I know her strength is waning with the fall-
ing of the leaves.
It is hard for one so fair,
Who hath never known a care,
Nor love that hath departed, nor friendship that
deceives,
To leave this world so bright,
For the gloomy shades of night,
And to tread the shadowy valley 'mid the falling
of the leaves.
Hushed is the sound of mirth,
As she shivers by the hearth,
In the cool and frosty morning and the damp
and chilly eves ;
As she shudders at the knell
Of the schoolmate loved so well ;
For the young are falling round us like the fall-
ing of the leaves.
With the gentle art of love,
I would lead her thoughts above
And bid her trust the Saviour when her tender
bosom grieves ;
But still with gasping breath,
She shrinks from gloomy Death,
While fast her tears are falling as the falling of
the leaves.
Oh, pray for her, kind hearts,
That peace, ere she departs,
May gently fall upon her : not Death alone be-
reaves.
Oh, well may we despair,
If the innocent and fair
Fall with a troubled spirit, with the falling of
the leaves.

SEA-SHORE FANCIES.

I.

O PLEASANT waters, rippling on the sand,
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What snowy little feet at girlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

II.

O waves, that foam around yon lonely rock,
Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,
Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more?
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

III.

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas,
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze
Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy
isles
Where dusky maids make merriment away—
Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day?

IV.

O tossing billows, come ye from afar
Where over ice-fields the Aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the Northern Star
That through the lengthened night of winter
gleams
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray?
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

V.

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
And chill it with the breath of icy storms;
Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray—
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

DAY-DREAMS.

WHERE the orange bee on the purple flower
Of the roadside thistle dozes;
Where the flying down blows, filmy white,
And the azure air-bell poises light,
And where the mole, deep out of sight,
After his work reposes,—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers whirl and circle and scream,
Over the loneliest places;
Where the eastern clouds roll heavy and slow,
And the glad winds race and flutter and blow,—
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
And so are the reapers' faces,—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fir, so balmy and evergreen,
Raises its dripping cones,
And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree,
And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
Fond and soft and ceaselessly,
The songs of distant zones,—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the sunshine comes in level lines
Across the velvet mosses,
And stealing in and out in patches,
In sunny fits and playful catches,
As a bough or trunk it snatches,
With varying gains and losses—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

—Chambers's Journal.

HEAVEN.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

BEYOND these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal,—

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opens the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers;

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of
mine
Into those pastures vernal.

—Springfield Republican.